

THE NATION

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A PITCH FOR GOD and COUNTRY

Thomas H. Uzzell

LETTERS

Finances for Peace

Dear Sirs: The first national demonstration for peace and disarmament ever held by students in this country will take place in Washington, D. C., on Feb. 16 and 17. We plan to picket the White House and Russian Embassy, hold a mass rally and send delegations to Congressmen and administration officials.

Predictably, our biggest problem is money to pay for literature we are distributing, to rent a meeting place, etc. We would be grateful for contributions from your readers. Checks should be made out to "Washington Demonstration," and mailed to Quincy 319, Cambridge 38, Mass.

KENNETH PORTER

Turn Toward Peace Student Council

Debating Disarmament

Dear Sirs: Charles D. Bolton ["What the Peace Movement Needs," Jan. 27] has made an important contribution to the necessary thinking in this period of proliferation in American peace activity. However, he writes that "scarcely one" peace organization "is pleading disarmament as its special cause." While the United World Federalists were organized to advocate world government . . . they are devoting almost full time to disarmament. Likewise, the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, while organized to stop all nuclear-weapons tests, has devoted for more than a year most of its educational and action program to the general field of disarmament. But it is still true that all the peace groups together are not devoting enough energy to disarmament. . . . HOMER A. JACK

Executive Director

National Committee for a
New York City Sane Nuclear Policy

Better Cars? . . .

Dear Sirs: Whatever the article entitled "Detroit's Annual Model Bill," which appeared in *The Nation* for January 20, purports to measure, it is not the cost of the annual model change. . . . Just what is this \$725 of extra cost per car that the article quotes with such abandon? The article gives us a few hints. "Annual model bill" apparently means that more people, over the years, have found automatic transmissions and other options useful. "Annual model bill" also means that customers have selected better cars as replacements for their old ones. Even stranger, "annual model bill" means that customers have decided in

favor of more adequate engine performance in the late 1950s than they could obtain in 1949 even if gas consumption were somewhat higher.

There is no doubt that the cars offered to the customer today are much improved over their 1949 counterparts. This is a demonstrable fact. It is also a fact that most, if not all, of the price change since 1949 for comparable cars can be accounted for by the general forces of inflation since 1949. Thus, the \$725, whatever it refers to, clearly is not "Detroit's Annual Model Bill." The "bill" over this period has remained unchanged in spite of product improvement. The real "bill" the customer has paid in terms of his car choices and his purchase of optional equipment has actually declined since early in 1957.

What the author may object to, his protests to the contrary notwithstanding, is that automobile purchasers do not spend their money as he thinks they should. But then, why start with the 1949 car, which was pretty advanced transportation for its day? Obviously, the consumer could have been made to look even more foolish if the authors were simply to go back to the time when there were no automobiles. On this basis, instead of squandering a mere \$725, it could be shown that he is squandering the entire \$2,500 (about the average price of a new car today) less some appropriate small allowance for the cost of a horse and buggy. And, incidentally, if we didn't have the automobile at all, the entire gasoline bill could be saved—not merely some small part of the total. The same reasoning could, of course, be applied to housing, food, clothes, entertainment, travel and all the other wasteful innovations of the past half century. If this is considered a *reductio ad absurdum*, my defense is that the author has come mighty close to doing this for himself.

HARRY A. WILLIAMS
Managing Director

Automobile Manufacturers Assn., Inc.
Detroit, Mich.

. . . Or Just Bigger Ones?

Dear Sirs: The A.M.A.'s anguish is much easier to understand than the specifics of Mr. Williams' plaint. My story recounted in what I had hoped was plain English the findings of Professors Fisher, Griliches and Kaysen: namely, that making cars longer and heavier, increasing their horsepower, stepping up advertising, retooling and adding on automatic transmissions and the like had increased the cost of the average four-door sedan \$725 a year from 1956

through 1960. Each item was evaluated separately in constant dollars.

If this is not a measurement of the cost of annual model change, I don't know what is. Mr. Williams and many car buyers may think that all these changes were well worth the cost, although Detroit's belated production of compacts would indicate there were some dissenters. The point the professors made was a quantitative one, simply adding up the bill.

BERNARD NOSSITER

Washington, D.C.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

129 •

ARTICLES

- 132 • Medicare: Second Round
I. Some Doctors Think Twice
by ROBERT MISHELL and
LENORE A. HERZENBERG
II. Criteria for a Good Bill
by DONALD B. STRAUS
- 137 • New Guinea: An Australian View
by W. MACMAHON BALL
- 138 • Tragedy at Studebaker
by B. J. WIDICK
- 140 • Billy James Hargis: A Pitch for God and Country
by THOMAS H. UZZELL
- 143 • The Slum
by RICHARD HARRIS

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

- 148 • Novelist of the Two Berlins
by R. C. RAACK
- 149 • The Park (poem)
by ROY FISHER
- 150 • Eurke's Verbal Drama
by WILLIAM H. RUECKERT
- 151 • Music
by BENJAMIN BORETZ
- 153 • Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN
- 154 • Letter from Florence
by ELISABETH MANN
BORGESE
- 155 • Perspective He Would Mutter
Going to Bed (poem)
by JACK GILBERT
Crossword Puzzle (opp. 156)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

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EDITORIALS

Non-War and the Constitution

Just as there are non-books, so there is such a thing as non-war. There is a war going on—actually it is the biggest war in the world at the moment, with total casualties of more than 1,000 a month—but it is not called a war. You can get killed—T/Sgt. James T. Davis was the first American casualty—but not officially. This is where American men-at-arms stand in South Vietnam today. If the Defense Department has its way, the non-war will be even less publicized in the future than it has been to date, although next-of-kin will be notified in due course when fatalities occur. Admiral Arthur D. Felt, Commander in Chief Pacific, has decreed a news ban on U.S. military efforts in South Vietnam. American officials explain that the feelings of the South Vietnam Government must not be ruffled, and Communist propaganda will be hamstrung as long as the American press does not print what is going on. This might be called “non-news.”

By all indications, whether publicized or not, we are in South Vietnam to stay. Keyes Beech of the Chicago *Daily News Service*, observing events in Saigon, discloses that as your plane lands at the airport, the professionally soothing voice of the stewardess is heard: “Will all American military personnel please remain aboard the aircraft until arrangements are made for them to disembark?” You then discover, says Beech, that about two-thirds of your fellow-passengers, all well-dressed young men in civilian clothes, are American soldiers or airmen, or maybe sailors. The reason for the disguise is that, in accordance with the Geneva agreement, South Vietnam was limited to 685 foreign (American) military advisers. The agreement also barred bringing in new military hardware except for replacements. True, neither this country nor South Vietnam signed the agreement but, out of deference to the International Control Commission, we have tried to keep up a pretense of adherence to its terms. So, as Beech writes, we now pay the agreement “non-lip service,” as Communist North Vietnam has been doing for years. “This is done,” notes Beech, “by not telling the I.C.C. anything. Officially the I.C.C. knows

only what it is told.” The present American military population, according to Beech, is 4,000. By midyear it is expected to be 6,000 or 7,000.

Another indication of our resolve to stay is that we have started a \$60 million construction program to “convert South Vietnam into a military base against Communist aggression in Southeast Asia,” in Beech’s words. There will be airfields, ammunition dumps and naval facilities. The airfields will be capable of handling anything that flies, including the biggest jets. Under the Geneva agreement, of course, the United States would be barred from supplying South Vietnam with jet aircraft. But “non-lip service” has made it possible for us to carry on the “non-war” in a more or less “non-overt” way.

Are we now operating under a “non-Constitution” in which Article I, Section 8, Subsection 11, defining the power “to declare war,” has been set aside by more or less informal consensus?

The Arms Pork Barrel

Since time immemorial, the pork barrel has been rolled out in the Congress and each of the lawgivers has bargained for his share and the gratitude of his constituents. The arms race was supposed to be conducted on a more elevated basis. Race, creed, color, location were to play no part—nothing but the contribution each could make to the discomfiture of the Communist devils. To be sure, California, which from the start received the lion’s share of armament gravy, and New York the runner-up, were at daggers’ points, but since most of the other states had no share, or so little that it was not a factor in the economy, the fiction could be preserved that the best contractor, the best region, were the best rewarded, all according to the pure principles of the free enterprise system.

Time often reveals the truth, however, though slowly. The arms-contracts allocations are changing. Even in the space of a year there have been substantial differences in the largess Uncle Pentagon has showered on the various states. From fiscal 1961 to fiscal 1962 (to date in each case), prime contract awards to California

increased somewhat—22.5 to 23.7 per cent—while unhappy New York went down from 12.5 to 8.1 and is going down still farther. Missouri is up from 1.0 to 4.9, and Florida from 3.8 to 5.7. Surprisingly, Texas receded, but this is probably temporary. Only a few states — Alaska, Idaho, North Dakota, Vermont, West Virginia and Wyoming — remain paupers, with only 0.1 of the proceeds coming their way.

But as more states get into the act—well, as the French say, appetite comes with eating. Those who have, want more, and those who have not, try to get from those who have. It is no longer Senator Javits against Senator Kuchel, or Keating against Engle, but every Senator's hand is raised against his brother's. And along comes Secretary of Labor Goldberg with a still more ominous proposal. The *Los Angeles Times* reports it with justified alarm. The Secretary, it reveals, "has ordered a study which could lead to diverting of government defense contracts from California to Eastern states which have greater unemployment. . . ." This is going a step beyond the present provision in the law, which requires that labor surplus areas should be given "prior consideration" (which doesn't mean they will get the contract).

Senator Kuchel is outraged. "It would be incredible," he cries, "for the government to award defense contracts in order to alleviate unemployment." It may be wrong, but it is not incredible. It will probably happen. It will have one good effect—the arms-WPA aspect of the cold war will become plain for all to see. Whether this will make disarmament more or less likely is another question, but at least there will be a little less hypocrisy about the whole thing.

The Magic of Harvard

The alert *Harvard Crimson* (January 29) has uncovered a transaction which should hearten all good Americans. Traditionally we are not a timid people, but in the nerve-racking modern world, what with the Communists and all, many of our fellow-countrymen can hardly look at the morning paper without swallowing a tranquilizer tablet or two. Thus, when they learned about the student disarmament demonstration planned for February 16 and 17 in Washington [see Letters page, this issue], the Red specter appeared before their eyes in all its dreadful menace. But, thanks to a vigilant dean of women at the University of Maryland, the fears of the citizens may be reduced to a bearable level, in this instance at least.

At the great institution of learning in the state where patriotic gore flecked the streets of Baltimore, Miss Harriet Siscovick, a senior in good standing, began organizing a group to participate in the Washington gathering. Miss Siscovick, or a colleague, posted a descriptive leaflet written by Todd A. Gitlin, Harvard

'63, to rally the Maryland student body in the good cause. Mrs. Helen Clark, the dean of women, was informed of this possibly seditious enterprise by "reactionary" students in Miss Siscovick's dormitory. Mrs. Clark removed the leaflet and warned students not to be carried away by emotion because "there may be Communists in this." Then, finding herself in the middle between the pro- and anti-demonstration factions, Mrs. Clark bethought herself of the supreme authority. She telephoned the FBI. After what is described as a "brief check," the FBI told Mrs. Clark that the disarmament demonstration was "clear" of Communist influence and the Maryland organizers were permitted to proceed.

In this instance, the FBI happened to be on the side of the angels. But the bland assumption of the power to "clear" does not cease to be presumptuous when it is exercised favorably. Harvard, where the idea for the Washington march originated, did not find it necessary to seek "clearance," doubtless because the student body, the faculty and the administration are not aware that "the right of the people peaceably to assemble" has been abrogated or qualified. But perhaps Young Americans for Freedom will now be able to induce Mr. Hoover to cite the particular statute under which the FBI justifies its informal, unofficial and quite unconstitutional supervision of the First Amendment. All the same, the incident does call attention, once again, to the extraordinarily sensitive political reflexes of the FBI, which presumably did not need to be reminded that Harvard is well represented in the Kennedy Administration — at all levels. Would the same prompt, cheerful "clearance" be forthcoming should the next march originate, say, in Yellow Springs, Ohio, or, of all places, at Ohio State?

Odyssey of an Idea

New ideas germinate slowly and, often enough, represent the thinking of many individuals. In *The Nation* of January 19, 1957, William Appleman Williams suggested that the federal government should levy a yearly tax to be known as the World Civilization Tax which would be turned over to the United Nations for economic and cultural development programs. Subsequently, the International Convention of Christian Churches endorsed a plan that would permit deduction from income taxes of contributions to the U.N. of up to 2 per cent of the donor's income. For some time, certain Quakers have contributed 1 per cent of their income as a pledge to the U.N.; the idea for this "self-tax" originated with Mrs. Thorton M. Price of Arizona. Some \$60,000 was contributed in this way last year. Numerous gifts to the U.N. were stimulated recently when Mrs. Wayne Ellwood of Palo Alto, California, sent that body a check for \$1,000—just what a private fallout shelter would have cost her, she explained. Not long ago Glenn

Frank, a New York businessman, took space in *The New York Times* to propose a Free Citizens Fund for foreign economic aid to which Americans would contribute 1 per cent of their personal incomes.

There have been other proposals along similar lines. Now Rep. Edith Green of Oregon has introduced a bill (H.R. 9645) to permit individuals to credit against income taxes an amount equal to the contributions or gifts they make to, or for the use of, the U.N. or its specialized agencies, subject to certain limitations. (At the present time, gifts made to the U.N. which are not earmarked go into the general fund and are used to reduce deficits. But gifts can be earmarked for the specialized agencies, including the Congo Famine Relief Fund, the Technical Assistance Program for Africa, the refugee fund and UNICEF, which has a voluntary supporting organization to which contributions are tax deductible.)

More important than the practical effect of gifts of this kind, or their significance as an indication of popular support for the U.N., would be the interest they might generate in a much larger idea; namely, an international income tax of 1 per cent of the combined income of the economically advanced countries, to be turned over to the U.N. for development programs. Such proposals have been advanced by B. K. Nehru of India and Dr. Leslie Fishman of the University of Colorado. But as a first step, Mrs. Green's proposal has obvious merit. The amount contributed to the U.N. or its specialized agencies would be, in any case, a pittance compared to totals now deducted for business entertainment. Technical assistance in Tanganyika should be at least as important and worthy of support as non-technical assistance to the pleasure-loving buyer from Peoria, whose preference for the Four Seasons restaurant in New York is reflected in so many tax returns.

The Real Targets

The extraordinary campaign that Joe Shell is waging for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in California throws a revealing light on the objectives of the radical Right in this year's elections. The campaign got started early; it is well financed (with ample radio and television time); and it has excited the admiration of such "pros" as Secretary of State Frank Jordan, who describes Shell as "the strongest Republican candidate." Backed by the radical Right, Mr. Shell is waging an all-out, "gloves-off" campaign — not at all the "let's-be-gentlemen" type that is calculated to permit early post-primary reconciliation. Recent headlines in the *Los Angeles Times* suggest how the merciless Mr. Shell is "cutting up" Nixon: "Shell Accuses Nixon of Unethical Tactics"; "Shell-Nixon Rift"; "Shell Tosses New Charges at Nixon in Widening Break."

Should Nixon be defeated in November—assuming

he wins the nomination—the California GOP delegation in 1964 would be "up for grabs." With this in mind, the radical Right has not only seized the initiative, in California and elsewhere, but has made remarkable organizational gains. After capturing control of the Los Angeles Young Republicans (4,500 strong) in December (see *The Nation*, December 16, p. 482), ultra-Right elements won three key organizational posts at the recent meeting of the California Young Republicans (the state-wide organization with 12,000 members) and lost the presidency only by a whisker (156 to 165½ votes) on a third ballot. More to the point, Senator Goldwater emerged as the hero of a four-day convention of the Young Republican National Leadership Training School, which, as columnist Mary McGrory reported in her syndicated column, "strove to give equal time to Right and Left, but could not equitably distribute the enthusiasm."

Belatedly, liberal-moderate Republicans throughout the country are becoming aware of the fact that the radical Right's primary objective in 1962 is not to defeat Democrats, but to capture the GOP. Here and there counter-offensives have been launched, but they are tardy, disorganized and lack any kind of strong national leadership.

Recently, eight of fifteen members of a slate of officers proposed by the New York Young Republican Club resigned in protest because William H. Whittemore, the candidate proposed for the presidency, "has been associated with extreme rightist groups and would be a disaster for the Republican Party." More recently, Albert M. Gilmore resigned from the Cal-Tech-operated Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena in order to run against Rep. John Rousselot in the Republican primary in California's 25th Congressional District. "Rousselot," states Mr. Gilmore, "has turned his back on the Republican Party . . . by embracing the Birch Society and its un-American belief that Communist methods must be used to fight communism." But such efforts may well prove to be too little and too late. Whether the Eisenhower Republicans know it or not, they are the real targets of the radical Right in 1962.

Breaking All Records

More people have read "Juggernaut: The Warfare State," by prize-winning journalist Fred J. Cook, than any other single issue in *The Nation's* history. Have you read it? Has your civic or church group, your class in politics or history, read and studied it? Now in its third printing, "Juggernaut" is available at low rates for bulk orders: 10 copies for \$4, 50 for \$17.50, 100 for \$30, 500 for \$125. Enclose check with your order and address *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Ave., New York 14, N.Y.

MEDICARE: SECOND ROUND

I. Some Doctors Think Twice

by Robert Mishell and Lenore A. Herzenberg

THE American Medical Association, which has frequently been referred to as one of the strongest unions in the country, draws much of its strength from the illusion that it speaks for the overwhelming majority of physicians in the country. Last summer, more than one hundred of the 250 physicians in the area of Palo Alto, California, joined in sponsoring a committee in support of the Administration's program for providing medical care for the aged through Social Security, thus publicly declaring themselves in open disagreement with the A.M.A. Since then, other physicians in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Chicago, New York and Washington, D.C., have formed similar groups with the same intention, specifically, to indicate to Congress and the general public that medicine is not unanimously opposed to a rational program of medical care for this nation's 16.5 million aged.

The response of organized medicine to this internal rebellion has varied. The A.M.A. and some local societies take the position that the dissidents represent a small minority of honorable, albeit misguided, colleagues who are entitled to speak their minds. Other groups, particularly the Los Angeles County Medical Association, have had to prevail upon members to maintain a policy of opposition to the dissidents which does not cross the bounds of propriety. This policy was enunciated in the *LACMA Bulletin* after a number of vitriolic attacks on the dissidents by impassioned "right"-thinking colleagues. One irate Birchite-M.D. had even gone so far as to denounce them as traitors who should be shot. Because

of this kind of hysteria, many younger physicians who depend on their older colleagues for hospital-staff privileges, have felt it necessary to be discreetly silent, though they favor the Administration bill and have supported the committee with financial contributions. As far as is known, organized medicine frowns upon this kind of pressure, though it has not done much to dispel it.

While the A.M.A. leadership has urged moderation in attacks upon these dissenting doctors, it has exercised very little moderation in its own attack upon the legislation. The A.M.A. has spared neither effort nor expense in its effort to secure opposition to the Anderson-King bill in Congress and to maintain solid opposition to it within the profession. Perhaps wisely, its primary effort has not been directed toward the public.

THOUGH the medical profession as a whole is ostensibly in full accord with A.M.A. policy, the public-relations division of the organization apparently has felt impelled to conduct a thorough educational campaign among doctors, including those who are not members. Literature describing the bill as "compulsory," "socialistic" and "interfering" was sent to physicians in great quantities. Doctors, supplied with pamphlets saying "when the government enters the consulting room . . .," were urged to distribute the message to their patients. Though the pamphlets allege that the "interference" will be in the area of purely medical matters, the underlying implication that "interference" might apply to physicians' incomes is there for those whose hearing is so attuned.

An imaginative and diverse approach was devised for Congress. The personal physicians of Congressmen were urged to lobby against "this socialistic scheme" — presumably within the sanctity of the physicians'

office or at the Congressman's bedside. Apparently no conflict of interest was noted by the A.M.A. in pursuing this program. Another effective idea spawned in the public-relations headquarters was to have all physicians write to their Congressmen on their prescription pads; this presumably was to create the image of the doctor who feels so strongly about the issue that he must take a moment out of his busy day — so busy he cannot take time to dictate a letter — to jot a note to his Congressman.

IN addition, more orthodox methods were used. Professional lobbyists contacted legislators individually and attempted to demonstrate how a negative vote on the bill would be in the Congressman's personal interest. Officials of the A.M.A. and most state medical societies consumed a great deal of the House Ways and Means Committee's time by offering two contradictory ideas in repetitious testimony: that almost no problem exists in providing medical care for the elderly and that the voluntary health plans and the existing Kerr-Mills statute will, given enough time, ideally solve the problem. A.M.A.'s sudden ardor for federally supported state-welfare programs, as embodied in the stopgap Kerr-Mills law, seems strange; but, its very flaws seem to have softened the hostility with which the A.M.A. generally regards such legislation.

Attempts to convince the general public that it does not want the benefits of the Anderson-King bill have, in the main, been indirect. The A.M.A.'s men in gray flannel suits, instead of directly attacking the bill's provisions, have attempted to link the legislation with socialized medicine, and the latter with compulsion, poor quality and impersonal service. This campaign has been used by the A.M.A. periodically since the 1920s to fight Blue Cross, Social Security,

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Workman's Compensation, disability insurance and other social legislation. Since 1949, when President Truman proposed compulsory health insurance, the campaign has grown to thunderous proportions. To the A.M.A., all proposals for federal participation in providing medical care constitute "socialized medicine." The organization rarely debates socialized medicine on the merits; it relies on general scare words and images.

Today many segments of organized medicine oppose Social Security itself on the ground that it weakens the moral fiber of the nation (though these same doctors don't worry about the moral fiber of those of their profession who seek special tax benefits to offset the cost of personal-annuity programs). This organized opposition has prevented physicians from participating in the Social Security program. Recently, an increasing number of physicians have vainly urged A.M.A. to reverse this stand.

THE REBELLION among the Palo Alto physicians was precipitated by a series of FM radio advertisements. The spots purported to have a physician speaking and urging the public to oppose the King bill as the opening wedge for socialized medicine in this country. The use of the phrase, "I am a physician . . ." was startling to the conservative practitioners of Palo Alto, who had long agreed with A.M.A. policy of prohibiting this kind of advertising by manufacturers of patent medicines and other nostrums. They were chagrined to find the A.M.A. doing the same thing.

Initially, it was the desire to control the excesses of the A.M.A. professional publicists which led the Palo Alto physicians to speak out; but when, of necessity, they examined the entire issue, the economic and social problems of providing medical care for the aged and the ways in which the Administration's program would meet these needs, they became convinced of their responsibility to support the legislation and to make available to others the information which had led them to their decision. As they talked with colleagues (many of whom were shocked at hearing such heresies), they realized the extent to which the profession had been

February 17, 1962

socialized medicine and you

the time has come

for us all to stand and be counted on the question of Socialized Medicine. It's no longer an academic question, no longer "something to discuss" or "put off till next year."

The time is now — time to decide whether we want the relationship of patient and physician to continue free . . . or whether we want to trade this freedom for control by the Federal Government.

Congress is considering legislation at this moment which would establish a system of compulsory medical care for the aged, with health care costs to be financed through higher Social Security taxes.

No matter how you sugar-coat the pill — some call it simply

So, what's at stake if we should choose compulsory health care (Socialized Medicine) for this or any other segment of our population?

Your freedom is at stake

Freedom is what we all stand to lose. Your freedom to choose the doctor you believe is best for you. And your doctor's freedom — his freedom to treat you in an individual way, adapting his knowledge and skills to your particular problems.

AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

How the A.M.A. fights federal participation in medical care for the aged.

misled both as to the gravity of the problem and the soundness of the proposed solution. Almost none to whom they talked had read the Anderson-King bill or knew of its provisions. As the issue became open for discussion, more and more physicians joined in sponsoring the committee's efforts to spur passage of the bill. (Many have since urged that a bill with more comprehensive provisions be passed. Particularly, they would like to see provision for longer hospitalization when indicated, and for some method of helping the elderly patient meet both his out-of-hospital drug costs and the fees of his physician's services.)

THOSE who support the bill take the position that it is a sound, conservative, pragmatic approach to the problem of providing medical care for the elderly in a manner which neither degrades the recipient nor radically disturbs the traditional relationship between physician and patient. These physicians are aware of the acute problem their older patients face in meeting the spiraling costs of modern medical care. They know, also, that those patients who

have been self-sufficient all their lives are more likely to do without needed medical care than apply for welfare at the county hospital.

More important, however, is the need of patients, particularly older patients, for continuity of care by a personal physician. Dr. Philip R. Lee, representing the Palo Alto physicians in testimony before the House Ways and Means Committee, stated:

From my experience as a practicing physician, I am convinced that the aged individual's unique need is continuity and coordination of care . . . particularly important for the aged because over 70 per cent of them suffer from one or more chronic conditions requiring the utilization of multiple medical-care services. . . . The utilization of these services is often difficult for an aged person because it is difficult for him to adjust to change.

Though Dr. Lee supports the Kerr-Mills law as a necessary complement to the King-Anderson bill, he points out that under the provisions of the former, most help will be rendered in county hospitals where this "unique need" is not met. He states:

The King bill meets the aged in-

dividual's unique need for continuity of medical care services because it provides for payment of the patient's bill from the day he enters the hospital. This will permit the aged patient to enter the hospital of his choice under the continued care of his own personal physician rather than subjecting him to the disruption in his medical care which results from referral to the county hospital.

Under the Kerr-Mills law, a state can offer a wide variety of services, but in practice most of the services are sharply limited. To make best use of the available funds, states have extended existing welfare programs for eligible older citizens. This usually means that when an individual has exhausted his funds and requires hospitalization, his personal physician refers him to a county institution where an employed physician, often an intern, takes over his care. Upon discharge, the patient will go back to his personal doctor, who usually must continue the care without knowing or having anything to say about his care in the hospital. The resulting confusion is detrimental to both patient and physician.

The provision for home-health services in the King bill is another which appeals to the Palo Alto phy-

sicians. With the development of these services, the doctors feel that they can offer much better medical care and rehabilitation for older patients than is currently available. The services are not available now because of a lack of funds; yet in pilot studies, full utilization of home-health services for elderly patients with chronic diseases has produced much better medical results *at less cost* than the current practice of providing terminal nursing care in a county institution.

FINALLY, the regulatory provisions of the King bill seem sound to most physicians who are familiar with them. They provide for the establishment in each participating hospital of a physician committee which will periodically review the charts of patients who are hospitalized for a longer than usual time under the plan. If abuse is suspected, the physician committee can then ask the patient's physician to explain his reasons for the prolonged hospitalization. This kind of internal, intra-professional regulation has been a generally accepted practice in most hospitals regarding medical records and review of surgery. For a number of years it has been a standard prac-

tice to review insurance claims in this manner in Pennsylvania.

Though their numbers are as yet small in comparison to the A.M.A., the dissenting physicians have sparked the beginning of what might prove to be a healthy review of the politics of organized medicine by most physicians. The King bill represents only a small area in which A.M.A. policy will be brought into question. Other problems that medicine must face are those concerned with re-education of practicing physicians in an age of rapid technological advancement, development of more efficient ways of providing super-specialty services, placing of physicians in areas which are professionally impoverished, and the development of programs that will enable patients to meet the costs of medical services. The public, too, will have to realize that if it wants its health program to be of high quality, we will all have to respect the legitimate claims of physicians for remuneration and for the power to make all medical decisions. Hopefully, more physicians will join the "rebels" in this realization, because satisfactory resolution of these and other problems will only occur with medicine providing the leadership.

II. Criteria for a Good Bill... by Donald B. Straus

THE GREAT DEBATE over medical care for the aged is once again on center stage. That the present Kerr-Mills law will be scrapped is a good bet; the only question is "when" and "for what." The "when" has great political importance in Washington, but it is the "for what" that most concerns the rest of us who are, or aspire to be, sixty-five or over.

Overtly, the debate today is over the method of financing. The Administration has offered a bill proposing coverage for everyone over sixty-five, financed and administered

by the Social Security system. Initially, benefits would be largely limited to in-hospital and nursing-home care. The opposition favors retention of the Kerr-Mills program, which has been the law of the land since September, 1960. Under this law, financing is from general tax revenues and is shared by the federal and state governments. A wide range of benefits is provided for those who can pass the means test. Each state sets up its own rules and benefits, and the variations among the states are very large.

Early returns indicate that for those who were formerly receiving free care—numerically the largest group—the Kerr-Mills bill provides relatively little tangible improvement.

The Kerr-Mills law has done much,

in its short life, to discredit the test of financial need as a practical method for determining eligibility. While it sounds reasonable enough to say that the government should not support citizens who can support themselves, the sad truth is that so few of the aged can afford proper medical care that weeding out those who can is a costly and complicated game.

Theoretically, a means test protects a welfare program from being used by those who do not need its benefits. In practice, it is often used to protect a budget without regard for welfare needs. For example, West Virginia, the first state to sign up for the Kerr-Mills program, estimated that 30,000 elderly persons would be covered under a means test that restricted aid to individuals with in-

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comes of \$1,500 or less and assets of \$5,000 or less, and couples with incomes up to \$3,000 and assets up to \$7,500. No one could argue that such people are not in need of medical-care benefits. Yet costs soon exceeded the budgets, not because there were applicants who did not need the assistance, but because the inefficient use of doctor and hospital services — the real threat to costs — greatly exceeded expectations.

Since the state is required to match federal funds, West Virginia was forced to raise its eligibility requirements, cutting in half those eligible for aid, and had also to reduce payments to doctors and hospitals. Participating hospitals dropped from 108 to twenty-three, and only 132 of the state's 1,800 doctors agreed to participate. State Welfare Director, W. Bernard Smith, concludes: "Our experience shows a definite need for handling this problem under the Social Security system. A state just doesn't have the resources, along with its other obligations, to carry out an adequate program."

States that were already providing extensive medical care for the indigent before the passage of the Kerr-Mills law have encountered little financial difficulty in participating in the program; in fact, the federal government is now picking up a large part of the bill that they used to pay alone. In these states, however, administrative costs have soared because of the complicated procedures required to apply the means test. The economic screens in the wealthier states are less restrictive and so proportionately fewer applicants are turned away—even though by law all must be put through the screen. Since nearly everyone who needs medical care is admitted anyway, one is entitled to ask: Why waste the money and manpower on needless administration? Experience has shown that the elderly who can afford private care are neither numerous nor likely to patronize public assistance in any case.

The means test has come into widespread disrepute. To understand why, one need only glance through some of the eligibility qualifications laid down by the states. Typically, there are two screens: income and tangible assets, including personal

property of applicant and his family. For example, in Michigan, a single person seeking benefits may not have an income over \$1,500 a year, and this income must "include contributions which a son, daughter, or estranged spouse should be making to the applicant, according to agency standards for court determination, except that such contributions are not included in computing income during the first thirty days of each separate period recipient is hospitalized." In addition, the individual may not have "liquid or marketable assets of more than \$1,500, excluding clothing and household effects."

Similar provisions are found in all states, but with considerable variation in income limits and definitions of the maximum allowable personal property. One state official responsible for administering a Kerr-Mills program has told me that many applicants who might otherwise qualify do not apply because they are unwilling to subject other members of their families to financial investigation (and possible assessment) before they themselves can become eligible.

WHAT IS becoming clear at both state and city level is that everyone above the age of sixty-five should be entitled to some minimum amount of medical care. Those who do not need at least this minimum protection are so few that individual screening does not pay. Given a base of this kind, legislation like the Kerr-Mills law could be useful to pick up exceptional cases in which the

need extends beyond the time and scope of the benefits provided by the basic plan.

Testifying recently before a Senate subcommittee on the Administration proposal, Assistant Secretary of HEW, Wilbur J. Cohen, said:

I would think that — in fact, I would say categorically — that even though a bill like the health insurance for aged is passed, you will need some kind of assistance program to take care of two problems in this country: (1) the people who are not covered under any insurance program and (2) the scope of medical benefits not covered under any such program. So it is imperative to an insurance program for health benefits to have as a second line of defense — a program of medical assistance.

THE FACT is that neither the Administration program nor the Kerr-Mills law is wholly adequate by itself. Everyone knows that, in time, both the coverage of persons and the range of benefits must be increased beyond the point provided by either measure. Since neither our present medical resources, nor the resources within present political practicability, make it possible to enact now the kind of bill that medical experts would advise, the far-reaching decision to be made this year is to choose that program which will provide the best foundation for further development. Involved are such questions as: Just who should be covered? What kind of medical care should they receive? How can the cost and quality of services rendered be controlled? This is the covert and most critical aspect of the debate now going on in Washington.

The Social Security approach (in other words, some minimum coverage for everyone without regard to financial means) is winning friends and influencing people at an accelerating rate. Almost everyone who favors this modification (as does this writer) is rooting for an early Administration victory; there is a natural impatience to win as much of the fight this year as possible. If compromise is necessary, runs the argument, let's make it in order to establish the principle.

But there are minimum requirements which must be written into any new law without which the long-



Great Moments in Medicine:
Taking the Pill

run fight will be lost. This raises another question: Is it worth getting the foot in the door at all costs—or, in the course of further legislative compromises, will the opening become so small that wisdom dictates remaining outside until public pressure can, as it surely will, open the door a little wider? Just how far to compromise is this year's test of the wisdom and skill of those seeking to improve present legislation.

Take, for example, the proposal recently made by the American Hospital Association (A.H.A.). For the first time in its history, the A.H.A. has split with the A.M.A. and has suggested a program which appears to offer something for everyone. While not coming out directly for Social Security financing, the A.H.A. has employed a euphuism which comes to that. It says, in effect, "we no longer care how the program is financed so long as it is administered by Blue Cross, the voluntary non-profit prepayment plan which is our chosen instrument, rather than the Social Security Administration."

The A.H.A. position would permit a compromise that mixes Social Security financing with the means-test formula, maintaining virtually intact the Kerr-Mills program. The federal government would pay part of the Blue Cross premiums for elderly persons whose incomes were below a fixed amount. However, Blue Cross, rather than the state, would administer the program. Perhaps one of the most beguiling suggestions yet to hit Washington in this field, it appears to give a major victory to the Administration on financing by capitulating on the principle of Social Security, the most obvious bone of contention. The means test is to be based upon current income reported for federal income-tax purposes, thus removing from the applicant the indignity of having an investigator delve into his personal affairs.

IT IS AT the invisible level of debate that we find the more serious, long-run dangers in the A.H.A. suggestion. Acceptance of Blue Cross as the administering agency for hospital care is a long step toward the acceptance of Blue Shield as the administering agency for physicians' care when the program is extended

(as inevitably it will be) to cover doctors' costs. In many localities, Blue Cross and Blue Shield share administrative and sales organizations. In anticipation, Blue Shield has already announced a nation-wide program to enroll the elderly. Announced as "Blue Shield's answer to proposals to 'socialize' medicine," it is also a bid to be on the socialized train if it moves out of the station.

While Blue Cross and Blue Shield are as indistinguishable to the general public as Tweedledum and Tweedledee, they have, in fact, very different characters. Blue Cross, both in principle and in practice, is a "service" organization providing bed and board in a hospital rather than reimbursement for hospital care. For this reason, Blue Cross is concerned, and exercises its concern, with controls over the costs of hospitalization and, increasingly, with the quality of hospital care. Blue Shield, on the other hand, is controlled by physicians who, in most parts of the country, resist the service principle and cherish the right to set their own fees for each service. They also demand the right to render service without controls over its quality or type. Aside from the sticky pros and cons of this position from the professional viewpoint, experience has shown that in most urban communities Blue Shield has found it both technically and politically difficult to control either the quality or the cost of its programs. This is the main joker in the A.H.A. proposal, which appears innocent enough as long as a federal program of medical care for the aged is limited to hospital or nursing-home care alone, but is fraught with danger the moment the program expands—as it eventually must—to include doctors' services.

Senator Jacob Javits (R., N.Y.) has also entered a contestant in the compromise sweepstakes. His plan gives each participant an option of three programs, makes use of Social Security funds, but also adds a means test. This amounts to legislative "buck passing"; while it has the appearance of giving the individual citizen a choice, in effect it says: "We, your Congressmen, can't make up our minds which plan is best, so we will leave it to you." The problem with this innocent-looking choice

is that what is best for you today when you feel in good health may be a financially ruinous choice for you tomorrow if a major illness should strike. If the option is given to each of us to switch back and forth among plans, the financial impact on the government could be disastrous. If, on the other hand, we are forced to stay with our first choice, then the impact on us as individuals could be equally serious.

CERTAIN basic principles for the organizing of medical care have now become accepted by most authorities in the field. A glance through the voluminous annual reports put out last year by leading foundations active in the medical-care field shows surprising unanimity on the following goals:

¶Medical practice should move from physicians' working in isolation toward forms of practice which encourage consultations and referrals among the various specialties.

¶The general hospital should become increasingly the focal point of medical care, including the coordination of medical services and facilities.

¶The insurance mechanism should not replace medical judgment in influencing the use of medical facilities or services. This means that confining insured services to the hospital may be necessary to meet the available budget, but in the long run may be both expensive and poor medicine.

¶For planning purposes, medical care should not be segmented by artificial barriers: i.e., hospitalization, doctor services, dentistry, drugs, etc. Every possible encouragement should be given to the removal of existing barriers and to the widest possible extension of insurance coverage, including areas, such as drugs and dentistry, for which little or no existing coverage is now available.

¶Encouragement should be given to a wider extension of service benefits to replace indemnity benefits. In those few areas where economic deterrents to patient abuse of medical care are deemed appropriate (e.g., home calls), an additional charge should be considered.

¶The implementation of any of the above goals should maintain the maximum possible freedom of decision on the part of both patients and doctors that is compatible with high quality and reasonable cost.

It may surprise you to know how widely these goals are now accepted by medical educators and public-health experts. Certainly, from reading statements issued by the A.M.A., no such unanimity seems possible. But the fact is that the A.M.A.'s public statements dealing with medical economics represent the financial interests rather than the intellect and ethics of the medical profession.

IDEALLY, the above should be achieved by legislation covering all age groups, and not alone the old. For the present, this is clearly not possible, politically or financially. But these goals do establish a blue-

print for further expansion and guides for answering the question: What is an acceptable minimum medical bill? At the very least, it should contain these elements:

¶Universal coverage — with no means test — for all over the age of sixty-five or as close to this ideal as is administratively possible.

¶A mechanism to spread the high cost of medical care for the aged citizens over their working lives.

¶Benefits to be provided by direct arrangement of the government with private suppliers of medical services, not indemnity payments for services at prices set by those who give the services.

¶Coverage for hospital stays of

adequate duration (at least 120 days) plus minimum out-patient diagnostic care (to cut down unnecessary hospitalization in the first instance), plus some out-of-hospital care either in nursing homes or by providing nursing in the patient's home (to encourage discharge from the hospital as soon as medically practical).

Public awareness of the need for these basic minimum provisions is essential to strengthen the hand of those who are attempting to pilot an improved medical-care bill through Congress. Compromise is the name of the game in practical politics, but there is also political good sense in realizing that too little too soon may be worse than too little too late.

NEW GUINEA: an Australian View .. by W. Macmahon Ball

Melbourne, Australia

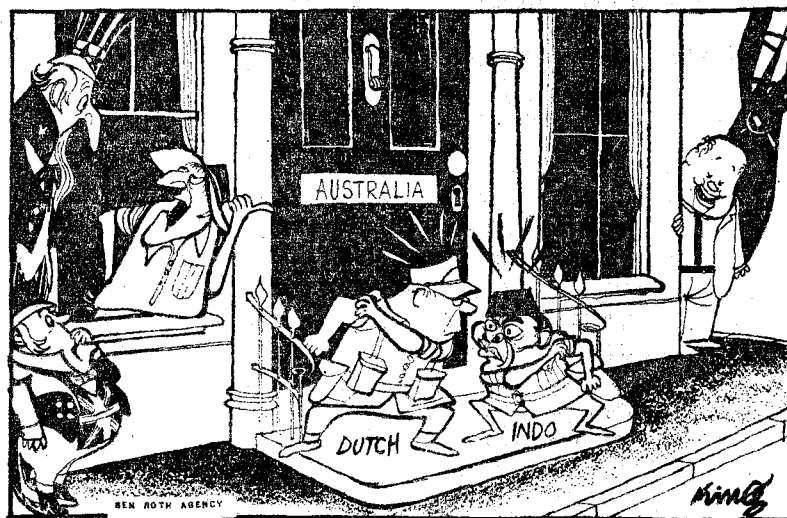
IT MUST BE hard for other people to understand why the Indonesian threat to take West New Guinea from the Dutch has caused so much excitement and anxiety in Australia. Since 1945, there has been a general Western withdrawal from Southeast Asia, and it is twelve years since the Dutch withdrew from all of Indonesia except West New Guinea. Why all the fuss about the likely transfer of an undeveloped piece of territory, and its 700,000 people, mostly primitive, to Indonesian rule?

No doubt we are ourselves mainly to blame if our attitude puzzles both our Eastern and Western friends, for we have given shifting and various reasons for it. In the United Nations and elsewhere, the Australian Government has tried to justify its policy by appeal to high principle. Until 1959 it was the principle of national self-determination. We argued that the people of West New Guinea were so different in race, religion and culture from those in the rest of the archipelago that it would be immoral to hand them over to alien Indonesian rule. The proper policy was to leave them under their legal Dutch

sovereign who would educate them to the stage of political consciousness at which they would be able to make a free choice about their future. Holland had the political stability and the financial and technical resources to help the native people to advance much more quickly than would be possible under Indonesian rule. Thus we persuaded ourselves, or nearly, that the welfare of the West New Guinea people was our paramount concern.

But when Foreign Minister Su-

bandrio visited Australia in 1959, there was a marked change in Australian official policy, though the government denied it. Since then, our official line has been that we are not opposed to a freely negotiated transfer of sovereignty, but only to the threat or use of force to achieve this end. In practice, this meant that we abandoned the principle of self-determination. There is no point in preaching this principle as a moral imperative if you are ready to forget about it the moment Holland and



Daily Telegraph (Australia)

"It's not the fight on the doorstep, so much; it's the bloke waiting around the corner!"

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February 17, 1962

137

Indonesia negotiate a settlement that negates it. Our previous insistence on the right to self-determination had carried little conviction outside Australia, since nearly all the new nations of Southeast Asia are plural societies, and if every ethnic or cultural minority was to enjoy the right to self-determination it could produce political disintegration and complete chaos.

THE PLAIN fact of course is that Australia has been worried about its own security, but has hesitated to admit this bluntly, largely from fear of offending Indonesia, whose friendship we genuinely desire. The historical basis of Australia's anxiety is that until now we have never had to defend our country on our own mainland. Until 1942, the wars we fought were expeditions: the battlefields in Europe, Africa or the Middle East. In World War II, it seemed for a time that we faced invasion, but at the critical moment the United States came to our help and the Japanese drive south was halted in New Guinea. Since then our strategy has been based on the hope that if again we must fight for the defense of the mainland, we may be able to do the fighting in someone else's country, that with our allies we will have the chance for defense in depth in Southeast Asia. That is why our government has set such store on SEATO.

But if West New Guinea becomes part of Indonesia, Australia and Indonesia will have a common frontier, since Australia controls the eastern half of the island. Indonesia's internal strains and stresses, her economic setbacks, her readiness to accept diplomatic and economic help as well as substantial military equipment from the Soviet Union, make us feel that she may be an uneasy neighbor. There can be no doubt that since 1959 President Sukarno has given the Australian Government explicit assurances that he would not resort to force to win West New Guinea. His latest threats and posturings are regarded here as a blatant breach to these undertakings. In view of all this, we feel that Indonesia's future foreign policy is unpredictable.

MY OWN view is that many of our political leaders and newspapers have reacted to this situation with extravagant emotion. There is little or nothing to choose between the conservative government parties here, and the Labour Opposition. Indeed, no government spokesman has gone as far as Labour leader Arthur Calwell in describing Sukarno's speeches as just as menacing as Hitler's. It is therefore comforting that in recent weeks retired military leaders, including Sir Gordon Bennett, who commanded the Australian forces in Malaya, and Sir Sidney Rowell, a one-time Australian Commander in

New Guinea, have made public statements ridiculing the alarmists. The only danger to Australia's interests in the foreseeable future is that there might be some infiltration of "anti-colonial" agitators from an Indonesian West New Guinea to East New Guinea. But since communications between the two halves of the island are almost wholly by sea and air, because of the wild and mountainous nature of the country, the increased risks involved would be negligible.

I feel that the Australian Government has shown a consistent lack of realism in its handling of this affair. If Holland decides for her own good reasons to hand over the territory to Indonesia, and if this is not opposed by the United States or Britain, who have tried so hard to be neutral, there is nothing at all Australia can do about it, except make petulant public protests whose only effect will be to antagonize Indonesia and the other noncommitted countries of Southeast Asia who support the Indonesian claim.

We cannot go back to the days when the peoples of Southeast Asia were governed by our Western friends and allies. The great objective of Australian foreign policy should be to build a solid working friendship with our Asian neighbors. There are some hopeful signs that at last our government and people are coming to recognize this.

TRAGEDY AT STUDEBAKER... by B. J. Widick

South Bend, Ind.
THE RECENT spectacle of the president of Studebaker-Packard being booked on disorderly conduct charges for threatening a man-to-man fight with some United Auto Workers' pickets at South Bend, Indiana, was more than an amusing flash-back to the labor scene of the turbulent thirties. The truth is that

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labor relations in this model town have reverted to the tensions and animosities of the early CIO days.

For decades, South Bend has been known as the home of the "Fighting Irish" of Notre Dame—and as the foremost example of idyllic employee-employer relations in the nation. The city, with its 150,000 population, was proud to be considered a mixture of college and factory town. Its chief industry, Studebaker, was the oldest—and a highly honored—name in automobile circles. The company was able to advertise with truth that

many jobs passed from father to son: 60 per cent of all its employees belonged to family teams.

The national image of the town was portrayed accurately in a *Saturday Evening Post* series (1952) on American communities: "South Bend's labor is unusually stable; 70 per cent of the city's families own their own homes, and the long Studebaker record of high wages and good working conditions has helped set the tone." Sociologists looking for blue-collar workers who were middle class not only outside the plant, but

inside, would have had difficulty in finding a better study than the Studebaker payroll. Wages were higher than the auto-industry level; working conditions much superior in every respect (including relief breaks and wash-up time); a piecework system enabled many workers to make very high wages (and the workers resisted a change to hourly rates). The Auto Workers had good relations with the corporation, whose best-known figures — Harold S. Vance, the production expert, and Paul Hoffman, today director of the U.N. Special Fund—were enlightened industrialists who believed in better human relations. The union bargaining structure within the plant — the chief-steward system — was ample to meet any possible grievances.

THIS, then, was the picture of South Bend and its workers just one decade ago, a story of the American Way of Life at its best. How did it happen that the Studebaker plant was closed down this year by a six-week strike? [A strike settlement, yet to be approved by the U.A.W. membership, was announced late last week.] Why were men walking the picket lines in sub-zero weather? Why was a company president so outraged that he reverted back to his Marine days and wanted to slug it out? What has happened to South Bend that it had to be placed on the U.S. Department of Labor list as an area of substantial unemployment? In searching for answers to these questions, one encounters not heroes or villains, only the harsh and inexorable impact of economic events.

The middle-class dream world of South Bend began to come apart after the Korean War.

The 1954 recession devastated Studebaker and South Bend. Employment at the plant dropped from 23,000 in 1953 to 11,000 in 1954. Competition in the auto industry forced Studebaker and Packard to combine forces; their joint output for the year 1954 fell to 128,000 from 299,000 in 1953. Among the most widely acclaimed benefits of the merger was the acquisition by Studebaker of Packard's highly automated engine and transmission plant in

Utica, Mich., described by *Mill & Factory* magazine as "the way to meet competition." But the small merged companies were not the first, nor will they be the last, to learn that automation is a blessing to a small company only if sales can justify the initial outlay.

The merger did not help the new corporation regain its share of the auto market, or to operate profitably. A short-lived recovery in 1955, when the company produced 201,000 vehicles, was followed by a decline to 113,000 in 1956, 82,000 in 1957, 79,301 in 1958 (another recession year). One of the by-products of the decline was the shut-down of the Packard plant in Detroit and of the automated plant in Utica.

In South Bend, the 1954 cutbacks and lay-offs were a shock. The entire union movement aided Studebaker in a campaign to sell its cars. Angry workers walked out, or slowed down, in protest over a handful of employees who did not drive Studebakers. The turmoil led to an investigation by the NLRB, which filed charges accusing the U.A.W. and the company of conspiring to fire fifteen workers who had refused to buy Studebakers.

The subsequent ruling of Arthur Leff, the trial examiner, absolved the union and the company with rather curious logic. Leff found that even before a union existed in the plant, there was an unwritten law that employees were to buy Studebakers. The tradition "appears to stem not only from a sense of loyalty to the company and pride in its product, but from a belief that it is in the economic self-interest of employees to support the company product," Leff stated. All that the company had done, the trial examiner ruled, was to suspend employees who were troublemakers, i.e., who were unpopular, because they had cars other than Studebakers.

NEGOTIATIONS for a new contract at Studebaker took place in the environment of the 1954 recession and the mass lay-offs. The love feast was over. The company demanded a "competitive labor contract," which meant elimination of piecework and of higher shift bonuses, and a reduction of the steward structure—a con-

tract, in other words, more in line with those signed by the Big Three. At first, the union ranks turned down this draft, despite the pleas of the Local president, Louis Horvath, who had urged acceptance as a way out of the crisis at Studebaker. Supported by the international union, Horvath finally convinced the ranks at a second meeting, but it cost him the presidency at the next election.

Under the new work-standards clause of the contract, the company was able to develop production methods enabling it to maintain the same production volume with 1,700 fewer workers, according to *The Wall Street Journal* of July 8, 1955. In September, that year, the company



had its first strike since the 1880s. It also began to have wildcat walk-outs as intense feelings developed in the plant over speed-up.

The mood in the auto plant was changing. By 1958, South Bend was on the list of areas of substantial unemployment; Studebaker employment was down to less than 5,000. However, man lives in hope, at least in South Bend, and the world looked rosy again in 1959. *Time* featured these hopes in a special accolade to South Bend and Studebaker on March 2, 1959. "From a low point in mid-1958 to a high point in 1959, the number of corporate employees increased by over 61 per cent to 11,773," the magazine reported. "Public acceptance of the Lark and the success of the corporation contributed to employee job satisfaction and morale." Harold Churchill, Studebaker's new president, was praised highly in another article, and things did look good in 1959. The corporation sold 182,323 vehicles, and made a net profit of over \$28.5 million. This was good news after the years

of losses. Top executives naturally took up their stock options, and obtained about \$1 million in profits. The prosperity didn't trickle down to the many workers who were still unemployed, or who were working under less advantageous conditions.

The celebration over Studebaker turned out to be a bit premature. In 1960, sales of cars and trucks went down to 133,984. Employment also went down, and short work-weeks were common.

WHEN negotiations began in 1961 for a new contract, things could hardly have been worse. Studebaker car sales were down to 49,624 for the first nine months of the year, and employment down to 6,500. Once again the corporation expected to get relief from its contract provisions "to stay competitive." (Since labor is a variable cost, as accountants learn in school, it can always be cut.) Once again the U.A.W. faced the

cruel dilemma: retreat or take a chance at being blamed if the company goes under. U.A.W. policy is to keep marginal companies in business, if possible. But the concessions it was willing to make were not enough for Studebaker, now headed by an eager-beaver organization man, the new president, Sherwood A. Egbert.

Just before the turn of the year, Studebaker put into effect its own "new offer," including wage cuts, a cut in relief time and other cost-saving devices. (At Studebaker, work is set at 3 per cent above normal pace to give the men extra wash-up time, and that is why Studebaker relief time is thirty-nine minutes compared with twenty-four minutes in most auto plants.)

Under this provocation, the U.A.W. had no choice but to strike, or else be accused of total capitulation. A huge membership meeting endorsed the union position and for more than

a month Studebaker was closed. No matter what the outcome — and it certainly cannot have been a major victory for the men in the shops, who have given up so much so many times — two tentative conclusions may reasonably be drawn. The first is that the future of Studebaker depends much more on increasing sales than its cost-cutting campaigns: if the Larks don't sell, paying men \$1 an hour won't keep the company in the car business.

The second point is that no matter how great an effort is made to restore the good old days — and the effort will be made after the strike has been formally ended — they will never be recaptured.

The scars and wounds of ten years of downhill sliding for the Studebaker workers are too deeply embedded for a return to the complacent middle-class outlook and life which once permeated the plant and the community.

BILLY JAMES HARGIS:

A PITCH for GOD and COUNTRY . . by *Thomas H. Uzzell*

Tulsa, Okla.

THE FIVE-DAY Anti-Communist Leadership School of the Christian Crusade was held here January 29-February 2. One should be able to learn at a school. As a liberal press representative with a large tag on my lapel, I was uneasy. Confidence came soon, however, when one of the speakers, in an oratorical climax, said: "Our government today is run by the A.D.A. and its bible is *The Nation* magazine!" I relaxed. What follows in this dispatch, it now goes without saying, is gospel.

The school was well managed. The three meetings a day, held in a small auditorium on the mezzanine of the Mayo Hotel, began on time. The 175

pupils from twenty-five states each paid a tuition of \$100. They appeared to represent a fairly prosperous, well-dressed, church-going segment of our middle class. They were well-informed, deeply concerned and apparently suffused with the type of fundamentalism that responds to dogmas, religious or political, with fervent "Amen!" and "You're right, brother!" As to their intelligence — the best guess on this point is that they had gone to school without being educated. They believed in the Reverend Billy Hargis' religious politics, but talk with them revealed that they were not as fanatical as their teachers. None considered themselves "suckers" for a money-making pitch billed as a campaign for God and the flag.

If the pupils of the school were paying amateur anti-Communists, their teachers were paid professionals. And neither audience nor leaders seemed aware that the FBI and the

courts were doing a pretty good job of taking care of the Communists (were, in fact, in the opinion of many, performing their tasks with excessive zeal). Armed with notes, manuscripts, books and much experience in public agitation, the faculty put on an impressive tent-show of political evangelism. The fervor of their speeches indicated their belief that if they could talk long and loud enough, they could, with the help of the little band of Crusade disciples, save capitalism from a fate worse than death and drive every Communist out of the country. As one reporter said, when the question of the sincerity of the speakers was raised, "They're crazy about it." No effort was made to explain Marxian and democratic theories and disentangle and compare them.

The "star-studded list of speakers" announced on the program included Revilo P. Oliver, Professor of Clas-

THOMAS H. UZZELL, who now teaches at Oklahoma State University, is a former editor and journalist. His latest book is The Twilight of Self-Government (Bruce Humphries).

sics, University of Illinois; Benjamin Gitlow, former head of the Communist Party in America; Miss Barbara Hartle, twenty years a working Communist; Edward Hunter, an authority on brainwashing; General William P. Campbell, vice president of the National Education Program, Searcy, Arkansas; Myers Lowman, veteran anti-Communist researcher and head of The Circuit Riders; General C. A. Willoughby, former head of Intelligence for General MacArthur; R. Carter Pittman, a Georgia lawyer and authority on the Constitution; J. Bracken Lee, Mayor of Salt Lake City and former Governor of Utah, and Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, Chairman of the Board of Eastern Air Lines.

THE Reverend Billy James Hargis, director and prophet of the Crusaders and the organizer of their dollars, is an interesting and in some ways remarkable man. As you approached the entrance of his school, you saw him pictured almost life-size in a framed photograph with an American flag on one side of him and the head of Christ on the other. He is thirty-six years old, a powerful figure — he jokes about his excessive weight — with a somewhat cherubic face. He attended the Ozark Bible College at Bentonville, Arkansas, for a year and a half, and is an ordained minister of the Disciples of Christ Church. He holds a doctorate of divinity from Defender Seminary in Puerto Rico. Whatever his theological training, he is not a scholar: he introduced his ex-Communist speaker, Barbara Hartle, as a member of the “Phi Beta Kappa sorority.” He is a family man with an attractive wife and four children and, as he confided to his audience, “a fifth is on the way.” [See also “Saving America, Inc,” by John Kay Adams, *The Nation*, Sept. 30, 1961.]

Reverend Billy James Hargis gave his salary from his Crusade as \$12,000 a year. He lives in a \$43,000 parsonage in Tulsa, made a payment of \$10,000 on a \$55,000 ranch last year, and the same year turned over to the Crusade \$145,000 earned in lecture fees. His Crusade’s net worth he places at half a million and its annual income at over a million. His staff of fifty occupies well-equipped

quarters in a business building in the center of Tulsa. He announced that the Crusaders operated at a loss of \$90,000 last year, and that he faced a “titanic task” of collecting his million for the present year.

Billy Hargis is a good speaker. At the lectern he is, unlike most of his lecturers, wholly at ease, affable, given to the kind of self-effacing witticisms which win laughter and admiration from his entranced audiences. Most remarkable of all he can, seemingly without preparation or notes, toss off a soul-and-shekels polemic at any moment’s notice.

The school’s pastor rose to his highest eloquence in a talk on the afternoon of the fourth day. Billy began with the announcement of a plan to assemble selected youth of the nation on a ranch out West to live in tents, cook their own meals, and sit still for rightist indoctrination. Their heroes — John Wayne, Roy Rogers, Senator Goldwater — would be invited to inspire them. He needed a rich man to pay the bills, and his audience obviously hoped he’d find his man.

IN THIS key speech, he had skillfully introduced the problem of money. The children and appeal to the paternal was a good start. He now switched to religion: if liberal teachers reached their precious children, the kids would turn out atheists. Today, he said, our children are discovering religion and faith in our Constitution. We need money;



“We don’t put it that way, exactly.”

funds must be coming in soon; we must pay for time on radio and television to wash from the brains of our children the dirt put there by Moscow. Today there are no longer two sides in political controversy; there is only one side, the American side; everything that is not the American way of life we must fight. The forces of the liberal crackpots are financed by people who are poor and in moderate circumstances. (This was news to the crackpot journalists present.) An appeal, he continued, with more gestures and more volume of voice, must be made by Christian Crusaders to businessmen and industrialists. They will listen to our campaign for God, country and free enterprise. The merchants, corporation owners, have most to lose.

THEN came the pay-off. The pupils of the Crusade learned that they were required not only to pay and learn, but to pass the plate. Each member was handed a sheet of paper with twelve blanks for the signatures of twelve contributors to the Christian Crusade. The members were asked to approach the presidents of corporations and wealthy retired people with whom they were personally acquainted and get them to promise to contribute; they, in turn, were to find a dozen other presidents who would promise funds.

The members were specifically directed as to the “sell” they were to use. Tell them the money will be spent for God and country, to save our Constitution (with its protection of property), and combat the forces of evil. The evangelist singer that morning had prepared for this moment of Christian dedication by singing a hymn advising his audience to “set your thoughts on Heaven and let your thoughts of the world grow dim.”

There was no applause as the staff distributed the pledge papers. *Ipse dixit*; their pastor had spoken. To help his flock to adjust to the new responsibility, their leader continued (and there seemed to be in his voice a new tension of urgency, if not of despair): “We must double our facilities; we plan to spend \$100,000 in the next sixty days. Thousands of

our people have sent us five and ten dollar bills with their prayers, but we need a more generous subsidy. When you start a crusade like ours, you can't drop it; you have got to keep going."

THE policy of the Crusade is set forth in the program of the school: to combat communism, to supply conservative campaigners with "irrefutable facts," and to "preserve constitutional government and Christian freedom." Hargis explained to me that his crusade is a religious and not a political movement, but he did not add that this setup made contributions tax deductible. He took his direction, he said, from God. I asked how he reconciled such a purpose with his pleading in one of his speeches for a conservative conquest of Congress and his plugging for Senator Goldwater, who would "make a marvelous President." He was a politician, he explained, as an individual, and his remarks did not commit the Crusade to accept his views. I pointed out the inconsistencies and direct contradictions of the teachers in his school, but he calmly explained that he was not responsible for what his speakers said; he had only made sure of them as conservatives and "conservatives are bound to have differences."

The Crusade's speakers were warned in print on the school's program not to make "extreme, generalized statements" which are "shocking to the average citizen." Visitors at the two public meetings were cautioned not to "smear" the Crusade. "We are often smeared with this 'guilt by association' technique which Communists and left-wing liberals scream about when their activities are exposed."

This was the educational program of the Crusade's school. What did one learn from its "seminar"? Was no smearing attempted? Did it propagate "irrefutable truths" which armed the student to be able to avoid being clobbered in argument with a crackpot liberal? Here are notes on some of the "irrefutable" teachings:

Our founding fathers were the last intelligent men to appear in America and they never wavered in

uncertainty; liberals have had no new ideas in the last 150 years; all citizens who, in their political beliefs, range from slightly left of conservative doctrines to communism are Communists; there are only two political groups remaining — those who stand with us, and all others; the aim of liberals, who make their beds with beatniks, is to destroy; Khrushchev is a devil; the D.A.R. is one of our greatest organizations; humanism is hogwash; Negroes are inferior human beings, and those that amount to anything are mulattoes with white blood which accounts for their abilities; the Jehova's Witnesses have the right approach; Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., is a mountebank; Toynbee, with his fatalism and biological interpretation of society, is senile; progress is brought about by the whimsical, the irrational and the deluded (this from Professor Oliver of the University of Illinois); President Kennedy should "get out of that rocking-chair," quit listening to advisers and save the country; MacArthur is the greatest living American; we should tighten the screws on Cuba (this dictate, today's news indicates, must have been piped straight to the White House); the United Nations is run by Communists and we should pull out of it; the American people can no longer decide or judge public questions, which should be done for them by an intellectual elite; the Sixteenth Amendment legalizing the income tax should be repealed; Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson were extremists (the speaker had something there); some day a monument will be erected to Senator McCarthy, the great patriot (this from Rickenbacker); we should break relations with Russia and quit negotiating with her since we now have left nothing to negotiate but defeat (this also from Rickenbacker).

Enough.

NOT ALL the speakers ranted. Barbara Hartle clearly and quietly told her story of underground Communist experience, explaining to me beforehand that her only purpose was to spread useful information without politics or propaganda. Benjamin Gitlow's factual account of

his misadventures as a Communist leader and his defiance of Stalin and break with the party in 1929 was exceedingly enlightening. William Campbell's observations on good citizenship and precinct politics would be well received in any gathering of citizens.

MOST puzzling of all the school's revelations was the seeming ignorance of history and the basic laws of the land. Repeatedly the audience gave stormy approval of makeshift reforms that violated the spirit and letter of a Constitution which they venerated as a sacred writing. They needed a quiz on: What is the Constitution? The members seemed to be driven not by the love of God or their fellow men, but by the devils of hate and fear. Is it easier to hate than to love? Is that one of the secrets of rightist mob appeal? In vain I listened for any constructive program which made sense. Gather funds to flood the country with unthinking extremist demands for isolation, chauvinism, warmongering, racial bigotry and all the ancient shibboleths of an outworn age? What person in his right mind could repair to such a standard?

After one of the impassioned morning sessions, a verdict on the Crusade's school was reached in two words. A news colleague, representing one of our largest newspapers, and I emerged from the hotel to look for a lunch. We proceeded a few steps without speaking, then I asked: "Well?" My friend answered: "Bilge!"

But is it bilge? Is Hargis a demagogue? Is he sincere? Does he believe what he preaches? If he does, we have reason to fear. The man is an engine of energy, is something of a genius as an organizer, and has mastered the art of moving crowds who want to be freed of the burden of thinking. He told me he has no desire to merge with other conservative groups, although he is inviting all conservative leaders to meet with Congressmen of that persuasion in March in Washington. His political strategy is clear. He wants some day to lift his massive bulk into the saddle of that horse that is waiting for a rider.

THE SLUM . . by Richard Harris

TODAY, New York City contains seven thousand acres of slums, where some two million people live under circumstances said to be less tolerable than those prevailing anywhere else in the world outside Hong Kong. According to a recent survey, human congestion is so severe within certain of New York's most impoverished neighborhoods that if everyone in the country lived in similar conditions, the entire national population would fit into the Bronx, Queens and Brooklyn. Moreover, despite the vast amount of private and public housing that has gone up since World War II, the city is now roughly where it was then in terms of existing "substandard" dwelling units (mostly single rooms and apartments), which still number close to a third of a million. Over the next decade, which is as far as current planning extends, all of the public and semi-public housing projects that are now on the drawing boards or under way will add a trifling sixty-five thousand units—minus those that will have to be torn down to make room for them. As of a couple of years ago, the most reliable official estimates were that by the time these new buildings are occupied, another hundred thousand or so units will have also sunk to slum status.

Mindful that urban blight seems to be one wave of the future, I recently took advantage of a chance to visit a classical slum house to see how more and more of us will be living as time passes. On that occasion, I was in the company of Mrs. Juliet F. Brudney, a vigorous middle-aged woman with curly brown hair and a determined manner who is associated with the Neighborhood Conservation Program, which is an official attempt, on a city-wide basis, to stop the deterioration of buildings that are on their way to becoming slums. Our destination was a place called the Armstrong, an apartment house sit-

uated on 103rd Street and Amsterdam Avenue, a once-hale neighborhood that has been sinking fast since the end of the war. As we walked from her nearby office to the Armstrong, which Mrs. Brudney was visiting for the first time to see if its state was as bad as reported, she gave me a quick rundown on it.

"First of all," she said, "the Armstrong is said to be one of the worst places on the entire upper West Side. In fact, it's bad enough so that the city is talking about condemning and demolishing it. My job is to see what can be done for the tenants until that happens. For the past several days, an inspector from the Department of Buildings and one from the Department of Health have been going through there, at our request. That's the first step in taking legal action against the landlord." I asked how many people lived in the Armstrong. "At the last count," she answered, "there were 440 tenants, more than half of whom are under twelve years old. They live in forty-nine apartments and 108 single rooms. Five of the families are white, and the rest are Negro. From what I hear, the place scarcely qualifies as housing at all. Last summer, they had an average of one fire a week. There's been a constant run of robberies and rapes and assaults. The building has no protection—no locks on the apartment doors, no watchman, so people just wander in and out. It's not a building any more—just an extension of the street."

THE ARMSTRONG turned out to be a seven-story, brownish-brick structure festooned with fire escapes. Since brick and stone easily survive—and conceal—the most flagrant internal disorder and display only the wear of the elements and an accretion of urban grime, from the outside the building was more drab than ramshackle. A couple of dozen children were playing around the stoop, while half as many adults were either sitting there or standing idly on the sidewalk in groups of two and three. Mrs. Brudney asked a woman in one of the latter where she could find the

superintendent, and was directed to a heavy-set colored man in faded overalls and a brown hat who was lounging against the fender of a parked car. Going up to him, she identified herself and asked if it were all right for her to go into the Armstrong, whereupon he shrugged indifferently, and said, "Make yourself to home, lady."

"I suppose you realize there have been a great many complaints about this building," Mrs. Brudney said.

"There's nothing wrong with this building," he replied. "It's a good building, a good solid building. Sure, it's old, but it's still good. There is any complaints, they're about the people living in it. They're the ones to complain about."

"THAT'S the usual excuse," Mrs. Brudney said to me as we started up the steps to the entrance. "People are kept in an inhuman state all their lives, and then criticized for not having the sensibilities of an Emily Post." In the lobby, a dimly lighted, narrow room, we made our way through another crowd of playing children to the elevator. When she pushed the button, a girl of about ten with long pigtails came running over and said, "The elevator don't work, misses. You've got to be pretty fast to catch it when it's working." Thanking her, we started up a littered stairway with old-fashioned, fancy, iron balustrades that, from the looks of the accumulation of dust and soot on them, hadn't been cleaned for years.

At the second-floor landing, Mrs. Brudney opened a door onto the hall, and at once we were enveloped in a stench of rotting garbage and urine. "I never get used to that smell in places like this—never," she said, quickening her pace. As we turned a corner of the corridor, we came upon one cause of the odor—an enormous burlap bag nailed to the wall at shoulder level; it was overflowing with refuse, which covered the floor for several feet around it. "My God!" Mrs. Brudney gasped. "Just look at that filth!" Hurrying on, she chose a door at random and

RICHARD HARRIS has contributed several outstanding articles to The Nation; his "Murder One," published in the issue of Sept. 17, 1960, won a Longview Foundation Award.

February 17, 1962

knocked. I could hear the sound of voices inside, but no one answered—possibly because it was not the custom of the house to knock before entering. In any event, the next knock brought to the door a young and very pregnant colored woman who was wearing a soiled gingham house-dress and bedroom slippers. Once Mrs. Brudney had identified herself, the woman let us in—less, I gathered from her rather sullen expression, because of any desire to be hospitable than from a way of life that made it out of the question for her to doubt our right to be there.

INSIDE, we found five children—three boys and two girls, the oldest of whom was around seven—in a room about ten by twelve feet, with two small windows that let out on an airshaft. Connected to this room by an archway was another, which was slightly smaller and windowless, and at one end of it was a tiny bathroom. At one time, the walls had been painted a glossy dark green, but

they had been turned almost black by age and the fumes from a gas stove, an ancient piece of equipment on top of which a large kettle of beans was simmering. Elsewhere in the front room were a refrigerator of the same vintage, a small sink, a single bed and two wooden arm-chairs, whose stuffing was coming out of their imitation leather seats; the other room contained a double bed and a large chest of drawers. Here and there, throughout the place, great patches of plaster were missing from the walls and ceilings, leaving bare lath showing.

"EXCUSE me for bothering you like this," Mrs. Brudney said. "I'm trying to get some idea of the conditions here so we can do something about them." The woman looked at her listlessly, and after a moment, Mrs. Brudney went on, "How many of you live here?"

"Seven all told," the woman answered. "There are the kids here," she added, waving a hand at the children, who had stopped whatever they had been doing when we entered and were watching in awe. "Then there's me and my mother."

"How much rent do you pay?"

"Up 'till they cut the rent, we paid \$32 a week."

"\$140 a month?"

"That's right. Some bargain, huh? Then they cut it, and now it's \$26 a week."

"Have you seen any rats?"

"Seen any!" the woman cried. "Why, they about knock you down. There's one big one that just devils us 'till we like to go crazy. He runs through here daytime, nighttime, any time he feels like it. He does everything but cook here. I got a cat once—Skippy. But that 'rat run Skippy right on out of the house."

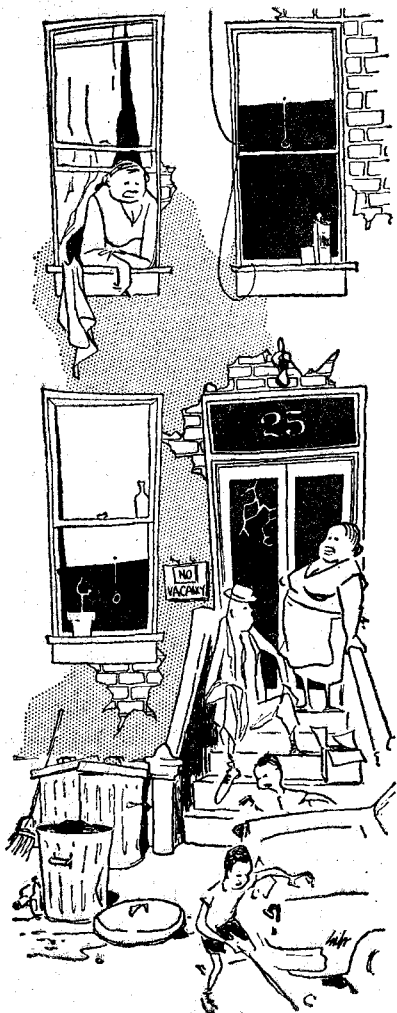
"Have you tried to find another place to live?" Mrs. Brudney asked.

"Sure, plenty of times," she answered. "But they won't take you with so many kids. And, besides, you got to give them two, three months' rent. Where's the money to come from?" Pausing, she shrugged heavily and then went on, "This is no good for kids, a place like this. There are winos and hopheads lying around in the halls and cursing and carrying

on like they was already in hell. My kids are hearing all that kind of stuff. They need a fit place to live. It's wrong for them to be living in the same room and all. Another thing I'll tell you about is those policemen. Every time something happens here and the police come, they treat you just like them that stirred up the trouble. They figure if there's some bad people here, they're all bad. Somebody give me another place to live, I'd show I wasn't bad. Just 'cause we're here doesn't mean we like it."

With that, the woman lapsed into a glum silence, and Mrs. Brudney then thanked her and we left. As we started upstairs, I asked her about the rent reduction the woman had mentioned, and she explained that the State Rent Commission had investigated the building a year ago and, on the basis of the woeful state of the place, had cut the rent roll from a total of \$140,000 annually to half that amount; apparently, she added, the decreases had varied, since the apartment we had visited had been reduced by less than a quarter. "Even at that rent you can imagine what the returns are in a place like this," she said. "The answer is for the Rent Commission to cut the rents to a dollar a month. For some people, the only thing that talks louder than money is the lack of it."

SKIPPING the third floor, we made our way down a corridor on the fourth, and as we rounded a corner, we came upon an elderly white woman standing in a doorway. Small and misshapen with age, she was wearing a faded cotton dress, sagging cotton stockings and black felt slippers. As we approached, she watched us attentively, working her toothless gums, but when we got within a few feet, she backed into her room and started to shut the door. Mrs. Brudney quickened her pace and managed to get to the door just before it closed. Introducing herself, she asked if we could come in, and after the woman had given the matter a moment's thought, she slowly nodded and stepped to one side. Her quarters—one room, which, though dilapidated, was in considerably better repair than the other place—were furnished with a narrow lumpy bed,



a cardboard closet, a chest of drawers, and a straight-back chair.

To start with, Mrs. Brudney asked how she supported herself and whether she had any relatives. Before answering, the woman cautiously lowered herself to a sitting position on the edge of the bed, and then replied that the only other living member of her family was a cousin, a priest who lived out on Long Island, and that she subsisted entirely on welfare funds, which provided enough for rent and left a little over for food. "There's an Irish family down the hall," she went on, in a quavering voice. "They've got twelve mouths of their own, but they look after me. There's the mother — she's a widow — and there's seven girls and four boys. They have two rooms down the hall. The oldest girl is eighteen, and she's got a spinal condition and can't work. She changes my bed once a week and fixes my meals. I was just looking for her when you come along. Bless her heart. She's a good girl."

"How long have you lived here?" Mrs. Brudney asked.

"Twenty-four years," the woman answered. "Twenty-four years last spring. It was a good house then."

"I understand there are rats in the building," Mrs. Brudney said. "Have **you been bothered by them, too?**"

"Oh, it's been terrible!" she answered. "I can't sleep for the nasty, bold things. Two years ago, I had to go to the hospital with bites on my leg. Right here," she said, stroking the side of one calf. "They come in here, all over the place. Why, we caught one in a trap under the bed just two days ago. It was a great brute. The girl had to hit it and hit it and hit it with a broom. If you don't kill them, they take the trap and skedaddle. I can't sleep, the way they crawl on me. They crawl on my legs — all over my legs. They get in bed with me and get on my face," she said, running her hands trembling over her ashen cheeks. With a gesture toward the chest, she went on, "They get in the bureau there and eat my candy." Pausing, she shook her head slowly several times and stared at the floor. After a minute, she sighed and looked up at us beseechingly. "They even eat my candy!" she cried softly.

Back out on the street, I breathed

deeply of the comparatively fresh air, but Mrs. Brudney wasted no time on such felicity. Marching over to the superintendent, who was still leaning on the same fender, she said, "I can promise you there'll be a summons issued against this building. Rats running around like they own the place and garbage up to your ankles. It's the most disgusting thing I've ever seen!"

"Yeah?" he said lazily. "Stick around, lady. You'll see worse."

"I'm sure I'm not telling you anything you don't know," she went on, "but it's against the law to leave garbage in the open."

"Lady," he said wearily, "I could go up there and collect all that garbage, and an hour from now there'd be just as much all over again."

"All right, then collect it again!" she snapped. "In the first place, it's supposed to be in closed cans."

"Why, Jesus, you'd need a hundred cans," he said.

"Then get a hundred!" she cried. "If I have anything to say about it, you'll get a summons, too."

"Me?" he asked, showing the first sign of concern.

"Yes, *you*," she answered. "And the owners and the manager and everyone else who's responsible. Someone's going to pay for this degrading filth!"

Turning on her heel, Mrs. Brudney stalked off. When I caught up with her, she shook her head hopelessly. "It's criminal — really criminal," she said. "You know, close to 80 per cent of the people in there are paying their rent with welfare money. In effect, the city is subsidizing this misery." She fell silent, but when we reached Broadway, she stopped and turned to me. She looked very tired and very angry, and when she spoke, her voice shook. "I don't care so much about the adults any more," she said. "It's the kids—those helpless little kids wallowing in that horror. They don't have a chance. God, they might as well die right now for all the good life will do them."

A FEW DAYS later, I got a call from Mrs. Brudney, who reported that the Armstrong had become the center of quite an official contretemps. "The buildings inspector turned up 519 violations, and the



health inspector found 212, including a number of rat carcasses in the basement," she said. "On the basis of these reports, we asked the State Rent Commission to reduce the rents to a dollar a month until conditions were substantially improved. However, it turned out that shortly before we went into the Armstrong, its owners had petitioned the Rent Commission for an *increase*. A three-man Rent Commission team headed by the commission's chief inspector conducted an inspection of the building and reported that they'd found only twenty-two minor violations." Having seen what appeared to be that many violations in the course of my brief visit there, I asked if she had any idea of what had happened. Laughing shortly, she said, "No comment," and then went on. "In any event, the rent roll was increased from \$70,000 to \$112,000. The tenants are really up in arms. Before we'd even found out about the increase, they'd organized a protest group and collected sixty-nine signatures for a petition *they're* going to send to the Rent Commission. It's wonderful to see them stand up for their rights. Most likely, the whole issue will be decided by the main event — trial of the landlord for the violations found in the building."

AS IT turned out, there was no trial, for after the customary preliminaries, the defendant, a man named Leon Burley who served as vice president of the owning corporation and as building manager, pleaded guilty to 191 building violations. I decided to attend Burley's sentencing, and when I arrived, I ran into Mrs. Brudney in the corri-

dor outside the courtroom, where she was chatting with a group of seven tenants from the Armstrong—one white and six Negro women—who, she explained, had come down on their own in case they were needed to testify. Mrs. Brudney and I went over and sat down on a nearby bench, and I asked her what she thought Burley's sentence would be. "We're hoping for a \$500 fine," she answered. "That's the maximum in a first offense like this. The judge can also send him to jail for thirty days, but I've never heard of that happening with a first offense."

I asked if she felt that jail sentences should be handed out more frequently, and she gave a vigorous nod. "As matters stand now, that's about the only solution," she answered. "What does a fine of \$500 mean to a landlord with a rent roll like the Armstrong's? It's a mere business expense, like paying for a tax stamp. Fines should be in the thousands instead of the hundreds. The law, and sometimes the courts, are pretty archaic in that respect. Take that fellow with a hundred and ninety-odd parking tickets who was caught not long ago. The judge in that case fined him close to seven thousand dollars and sent him to jail for half a year. But what's the effect on society of a scofflaw compared to that of a slumlord? Since big fines aren't written into the law, the only thing that will restrain some of these landlords is the threat of jail."

A LITTLE later, we were joined by Mrs. Hortense W. Gabel, the Mayor's Assistant for Housing and the founder and director of the Neighborhood Conservation Program. A small woman of about forty, with quite thick spectacles and brown hair, she told us that she was going to make one of her rare personal appearances in court and, because of the gravity of the case, would ask to testify. Just then, one of the tenants from the Armstrong took Mrs. Brudney aside, and I asked Mrs. Gabel about the subject we'd just discussed. Nodding, she said, "Of course, that's one of the key problems we're faced with in this business. We've drafted some bills to deal with it, but we've been stymied at every turn by rural legislators and some

short-sighted real-estate interests who view every progressive step as an encroachment against them."

Presently, word went around that the presiding judge, Chief Magistrate Abraham M. Bloch, had arrived on the bench and that proceedings were about to get under way. Mrs. Gabel took a seat in the front row to be near the action, and Mrs. Brudney and I sat down a few rows behind her. Mrs. Brudney pointed out a pleasant-looking, open-faced man of about forty who was sitting across the aisle, and told me that he was Burley. I must have been expecting a more Legreean figure, for he was the last person in the room that I would have chosen as a likely slumlord. Sitting next to him was a short, middle-aged man with tortoise-shell spectacles who, from his impassive, knowing expression, I took to be his lawyer. I was in for another small surprise, for although I was right on that score, Mrs. Brudney said that he was Judge Eugene R. Canudo, a former city magistrate who had often sat on housing cases himself.

BEFORE LONG, the few preceding cases on the docket were disposed of, and Judge Bloch, a thoughtful, mild-mannered, elderly man with silvery hair, turned to the issue of the Armstrong. Burley and his lawyer took their places before the bench, along with the assistant corporation counsel who was handling the case, a hefty, dark-haired young man named Leonard Scholnick. In a plea for leniency before sentence was passed, Canudo claimed that his client was making every effort to rectify the existing violations, most of which, he said, called for nothing more than a coat of paint. As for the rest, he added, "The vandalism, damage, and creation of unsanitary conditions by tenants in this building is unbelievable." Repeatedly referring to the findings of the Rent Commission's inspectors, at one point he remarked that "While they were going through the building, they saw a young boy urinating in the hallway . . . which is typical."

When Scholnick had his turn, he pointed out, to begin with, that Burley's efforts toward compliance had scarcely been Herculean, since a

recent reinspection of the Armstrong had shown that only twelve of the violations in question had been cleared up. Conceding that a good many of these had to do with painting, he observed that it was quite a problem to paint something that wasn't there, such as whole sections of walls and ceilings.

In substantiation, he called on Mrs. Gabel, who had paid an official visit to the Armstrong two days earlier. She stated that while some work had been done on the building, hardly enough had been accomplished to warrant anything but a maximum sentence. "I saw rat holes, new rat holes, in one of the apartments," she testified. "I saw a sink in which neither the hot nor the cold water worked. I saw units where I could see the lath in areas of three by four feet where there was no plaster at all. I walked into one bedroom, and I saw fresh ceiling boards with no plaster, and I saw plaster on the bed. It was just lucky that there was no person in that bed when the plaster fell." With a glance at Canudo, she added, "I believe, your Honor, that tenants need a great deal of education and help, but I defy anyone living in the conditions which these tenants were forced to live in not to become almost as demoralized."

JUDGE BLOCH inquired whether there were any tenants on hand, and when all seven of them stood up, he suggested that they choose one to speak for the group. Apparently, they had already done so, for at once a rotund, very dark woman among them walked up to the bench. Identifying herself as Mrs. Gladys Grandison, she said that if Mrs. Gabel had visited the building a couple of hours later, when it was raining, she would have found that she couldn't use the hall stairway. "The steps are badly worn, and, besides that, the skylight leaks," she stated. "When you attempt to come down the steps, you may slip."

As for Canudo's remark about the youngster's misuse of the public hallway, she pointed out that the superintendent of the building had no bathroom in his quarters. "What does he use?" she asked. "That is what we would like to know. If he is the super, how can he help us keep

our bathrooms clean if he don't have a bathroom himself?" The elevator, she continued, rarely worked, but when it did it was a menace. "Little children . . . may get their head, their toes, or their fingers cut off because the door slams very hard," she said, and went on to point out that there had been a fire in one apartment on her floor the previous December and that the damage hadn't been repaired until June. In the apartment next to it, she added, a young mother had no sooner come home from the hospital with a new baby than seven rats, by count, had all but moved in with them. "I have here the results," she said, holding up a pair of gnawed rubber nipples from a baby's bottle.

"THAT woman's terrific!" Mrs. Brudney whispered to me as Mrs. Grandison returned to her seat. Evidently, Canudo shared this estimate, for he went on at great length to counter her testimony. Judge Bloch patiently heard him out, and then remarked that it was time to get on with things. "As a result of the investigation, the pre-sentence investigation, and the facts that have been elicited and brought out before the court, I am impressed by the fact that this whole operation is a sort of museum piece of slum operation," he said. "I think that the over-all picture is one of tremendous neglect, and certainly dereliction, in doing anywhere near the kind of job he should have done. I know that jail sentences are rarely imposed, but I feel I have to impose one here."

"Punishment does not clean up the building, Judge," Canudo interposed hastily. "There is no venality as far as the course of conduct of this defendant is concerned, and there is nothing in his background that can in any way be considered as a reflection upon his moral character."

"I get the very strong, definite feeling here that most of this action was deliberate," Judge Bloch replied. "I don't see how we can let any word go out from this court that this kind of an operation would be tolerated."

Again Canudo broke in, saying, "I think that for everybody concerned it's important that the owners here be given an opportunity to continue

to show good faith and to carry this work to ultimate conclusion."

"The defendant is sentenced to thirty days in the workhouse," Judge Bloch said. Canudo asked for a postponement of the beginning of the sentence, but the Judge shook his head. "No, I thought about it," he answered. "I thought about it very carefully. I spent many, many hours thinking about it, and I don't think that that would be what I should do."

WHEN Burley was led away by the court officer, the mood of the tenants and the conservation people on hand was one of quiet satisfaction. However, they were shortly to be in for quite a shock.

The following week, I got another call from Mrs. Brudney, who told me that Burley had been released from the workhouse after serving three days. "I hear that Burley's wife and his partner, a man named Newmark, went to the Armstrong on the weekend after the trial," she said. "They had a petition stating that the undersigned felt that Burley had been sent to jail unjustly and should be let out. To our utter astonishment, close to ninety of the tenants signed it. The petition was presented to some judge on the State Supreme Court, and he released Burley on a certificate of reasonable doubt, pending an appeal. It's a real slap in the face for us."

Perplexed by this turn of events, I decided to see if I could find out more about it, and went up to the Armstrong to look for Mrs. Grandison. When I got there, she was standing on the sidewalk, talking to another woman. Introducing myself, I asked if she had a few minutes to spare. She did, so we walked over to a luncheonette on Broadway. Over a cup of coffee, she told me that on the Sunday afternoon following the trial, Mrs. Burley and Newmark had turned up at her apartment and presented her with the petition. "They claimed that I alone was the one who sent Burley to jail," she recounted. "I said that wasn't the truth. I told them that what had happened in the Armstrong was what sent him to jail. But it made me feel bad, what they said. When I left court, I didn't feel rejoiced. I didn't

feel a grudge. I didn't even feel good—deep down. I just felt it was right. So Newmark said to me was Burley so mean, not on a general but on a personal basis, that he should stay in jail thirty days. I told him I didn't have a personal grudge at all, but that in general I felt Burley should be punished. Then his wife said he had two children and he shouldn't be in jail. I told her I had four children and I shouldn't be in the Armstrong. I said if she and Newmark was so concerned about him, they should've done something about the tenants long before. You know, they wouldn't do nothing you didn't ask for in the Armstrong. I can't blame them for that. I wouldn't do any more myself. But I figure when somebody ask for something, you ought to do what you can. They wouldn't do anything even then. Once, I remember, I asked the house management for a rat trap. They wouldn't spend the money. So I had to scuffle through what I should've given my children. If you wanted to sleep and your night wasn't restful, that didn't make any difference."

I ASKED if she had any idea why so many tenants had signed the petition, and she replied that she had been thinking about that. "It was on a weekend, you know, and most of those that signed were drunk," she went on. "Others, they didn't like the idea of sending somebody to jail. That word 'jail'—being closed in—they feared it. I talked to some of them that signed, and that's what they told me—they couldn't stand to see a person in jail. Newmark and Mrs. Burley worked hard on me. They spent the whole afternoon repeating the same arguments and trying to get me to sign because I was the tenants' representative. I told them I wouldn't because I couldn't jeopardize my children. After they left, my oldest daughter—she's fifteen—she said to me that Burley wouldn't want his children to suffer the way we've suffered. I told her, 'Don't blame him. It's not all his fault.' I felt if I had education enough, my children wouldn't be exposed to a building like that. I'm going to see to their education. If talking will help them, I'll do what I can. That's about all I have."

BOOKS and the ARTS

Novelist of the Two Berlins

R. C. Raack

AS EVERY afternoon paper reader knows, some three million East Germans have fled since the Soviet occupation in 1945. But what is known of the other seventeen million who chose to stay behind? Many remained though they recognized, in the last few days before the thirteenth of August, that their decision would become irrevocable. What do we know of the reasons for their choice?

The perceptive visitor to Berlin before there was the wall soon realized that even the informed Western press reported mostly the surface conflicts and human-interest melodrama of the city: a Western student leader abducted to the East, an important defector from East to West or West to East. If the visitor wanted to find out about the routine daily life of the two cities, he had to do so on his own. He learned of the two currencies, their relative values and conditions of use in East and West. He found that each Berlin had a different smell (the difference in gasolines or the more general use of soft brown coal in the East?). He was able to distinguish ultimately between two sets of meanings for the same words in the same language. He became aware of the slow penetration of that one language from two distinct exotic sources (in the East words like *Apparatschik*, in the West words like *das Business* and *der Job* have come into the daily German vocabulary). He came to accept two standards of local journalistic truth and two sets of criteria for literature and theatre. In the topsy-turvy Berlin environment, even the foreign visitor often arrived at a moment when deeply understood, previously unquestioned concepts like democracy, truth and justice became relative. He soon suspected that these shifting and confusing planes of reality more deeply affected the Germans who had lived in similar conditions for years.

A gifted young West Berlin author, Uwe Johnson, has recently produced two novels describing the division of his

nation; both have become best-sellers in West Germany. The November issue of *Evergreen Review* offered the first of Johnson's writings in English translation. One selection is a very short excerpt, important only as a brief introduction to Johnson's style, from his first novel. A longer piece, "Berlin: Border of the Divided World," is a transcript of a talk given by Johnson at Wayne State University in Detroit in 1961. Grove Press will publish Johnson's first novel, *Speculations about Jakob*, in the late spring; his *Third Book About Achim* will follow next year. Meanwhile, the American reader can learn a good deal of Johnson's aims and methods from what has already appeared. His article on Berlin discusses directly the problem he resolves so successfully in his two books: how to attain verbally a clear and honest description of the confrontation of two opposing ideologies in Germany.

Johnson grew up in the Soviet occupation zone of Germany. His biography is typical, up to a point, of the educated youth who preferred to remain there. Like most of his confreres, he was enthusiastic about the establishment of a new democratic and Socialist German state which the end of the Second World War portended. He regarded hopefully the rapid set of actions taken in the Soviet Zone to secure the new order: the ruthless expropriation of the old, the investment of the progressive forces with the trappings of authority. He and his young colleagues were ultimately to sense the betrayal of the slogans of hope by party leaders, but this awareness came to them slowly and unwillingly. They had, in the interim, formed the attachments and personal loyalties so important to young adults; they had partaken of the Soviet interpretation of the world and of history, and their individual values were socially oriented. In time disenchantment moved them into political disengagement, but most of them did not go over the border to take up residence in West Germany. The early ties could not be easily snapped. Cautious, they sought consciously or unconsciously safe posts among the technical intelligentsia as researchers, editorial assistants and translators. They became, in effect, a

new inner emigration within and out of the party. They drew together in small groups of trustworthy friends. They did their work; they remained behind.

Johnson lived from his stipend as a student and from translations (well-paid work in Communist Europe) while he wrote. At the time of the slight political relaxation of 1956, he submitted his manuscripts to the state-controlled publishing houses. His talents were recognized, but his themes and style were sharply criticized. When he refused to make the suggested emendations he found that commissions for translations were no longer available. Thus the path followed by so many writers of Eastern Europe, who find a tolerable post in technical work to subsidize the manuscripts they write for their desk drawers, was closed to Johnson.

For three years he lived in East Germany without legal residence or visible employment. Friends and acquaintances solicited translating assignments, ostensibly for themselves, but Johnson did the work and ultimately received the pay. Finally, in 1959, he submitted a manuscript to a West German publisher. It was accepted and Johnson moved across the border. But he refused the aid normally offered by the West German government to refugees. He did not want to be questioned by the United States intelligence officers who work the settlement camps for escapees. His status in West Berlin as neither an East nor a West German citizen meant for him real political disengagement from both power blocs, a position he cherishes.

IN THE *Evergreen Review* article Johnson uses the Berlin interurban railway as a focal point for examining the many levels of perception that are involved in a description of the divided city. The elevated was a simple and obvious device for his purpose: it was the one point of physical unity between the two parts of the city. Johnson discusses the difficulty of reporting in every aspect of its political and human significance a simple event that takes place on the platform. A figure from the East alights from an interurban train in West Berlin. What is he looking for? Why has he come? Is he fleeing actual political repression or is he leaving only because of some transient dissatisfaction? He may already have passed through several police controls in the East on his way

R.C. RAACK, who teaches history at Long Beach State College (California), specializes in Central and Eastern Europe. Last year, while a student at the University of Warsaw, he was able to travel and do research in East Germany.

The NATION

to the West. These he had expected. Will he be taken aback by encountering several more in the West before he is accepted as a refugee? He has had to learn to adapt himself to utterly different conditions of life in his own German state. How will he readapt himself in the West? How will the new truths of the new environment, the new uses of old words, affect him? How will he respond to outspoken opinion when he has so long accommodated himself to prudence? He distrusts almost instinctively all he reads and all he is told; can he now begin to believe? Obviously the West displays material plenty; does it offer him a fair distribution of that plenitude? Will his bafflement at his strange new surroundings be overcome or will he return to the East? For which side will he ultimately be a statistic? Will he be among those escaping to the West or among those re-escaping to the East? And does a plus or minus in human statistics bestow a corresponding plus or minus in virtue upon a political system? How will the writer who will report about this man and his descent from the inter-urban train be influenced by what he himself has already accepted as true? Finally, Johnson asks, how can an author really look into the heart of the man he would describe when he can so rarely look into his own?

Johnson skillfully points out what was apparent to the perceptive visitor to Berlin: mere fact is not reality. Despite the plethora of journalism about it, Berlin was not being reported as it really was and is. Even coolly objective commentators, striving for photographic accuracy in their reporting, had caught only what the camera eye could fix: a two-dimensional realism. The result was a haze of journalistic unreality which masks the city and the divided nation in much the same way as obsolete programs turned into ossified slogans tend to obscure all questions involving East-West contact.

Johnson's fiction is real *reportage* and its date line is neither Bonn nor Pankow. He builds up through fictional characters having real dimensions a total impression of the two Germanys and their interaction. His plots are themselves simple. His first novel, *Speculations About Jakob*, takes place at the time of the Hungarian uprising. An East German railroader, Jakob, is assigned the task of recruiting for Russian espionage a German girl employee of NATO toward whom he stands in an almost brotherly relationship. He refuses and ultimately flees to the West.

The political confusion attending the uprising and the almost simultaneous Anglo-French attack on Suez, plus his complete disorientation in the West German environment, lead him back to the East. He dies mysteriously in a railroad accident. The other characters speculate about the events leading up to his death. As it turns out, no one person knows why Jakob has died, though each played a role in bringing him to the point of the accident.

In *The Third Book About Achim*, a West German journalist visits Leipzig, the largest city, with the exception of the eastern half of Berlin, in East Germany. He meets there a famous bicycle racer, Achim, who is also a minor political figure. He becomes interested in the cyclist and determines to write a book about him on commission from an East German publishing house. The journalist begins his research, but discovers more about Achim than could be printed in the East. The truth about Achim would bring his indictment on charges of criminal anti-state activity. The political events in which he took part are not to be recalled; they have long since

been officially forgotten. But to recount Achim's life and career without the political truth about him would cast the journalist in the embarrassing role of an apparent apologist for Soviet Germany in the West. The book, which was to have been the third about Achim, cannot be written.

JOHNSON has the style of a literary cubist: out of a multitude of scenes, observations, conversations, recollections, each anchored in daily experience, comes a many-faceted document. As a total vision, it approximates reality as experienced by those who live in contemporary Germany. Out of each self-contained incident, as related by several witnesses, there develops a portrait of East Germans reflecting themselves and the system in which they live; of East Germans pondering the West Germany they envy but to which they would not gladly emigrate; and of West Germans who cannot comprehend the estrangement of the Easterner from the West. Once the whole emerges, it mirrors the multiple aspects of every individual's approach to one single idea or problem

The Park

If you should go there on such a day —
The red sun disappearing,
Netted behind black sycamores;

If you should go there on such a day —
The sky drawn thin with frost,
Its cloud-rims bright and bitter —

If you should go there on such a day,
Maybe the old goose will chase you away.

If you should go there to see
The shallow concrete lake,
Scummed over, fouled with paper;

If you should go there to see,
Maybe the old goose will scare you as he scared me,

Waddling fast on his diseased feet,
His orange bill thrust out,
His eyes indignant;

Waddling fast on his diseased feet,
His once-ornamental feathers
Baggy, and smeared with winter —

Waddling fast on his diseased feet,
The old goose will one day reach death; and be unfit to eat.

And when the goose is dead, then we
Can say we're able, at last,
No longer hindered from going;

And when the goose is dead, then we
Have the chance, if we still want it,
To wander the park at leisure;

— Oh, when excuse is dead, then we
Must visit there, most diligently.

Roy Fisher

and, as well, how each Germany incorporates a mass of such ideas and problems which are impenetrable to the citizens of the other.

In Johnson's books, literary technique has created a world of the subjunctive which captures stylistically the frustration and incompleteness of human understanding. Out of the stuff of everyday life in the two Germanys, Johnson conveys verbally a sense of that befogging of the faculty of judgment which

has resulted from the long-term juxtaposition of two opposing world systems. He has captured as well, perhaps for the first time, that Kafkaesque distortion of perspectives of truth and reality which the sensitive visitor to Berlin before the wall had come to recognize.

Uwe Johnson, the Easterner who reluctantly came to the West, gives the first meaningful account of "the border, the distance and the difference" between the two Germanys.

Burke's Verbal Drama

THE RHETORIC OF RELIGION: Studies In Logology. By Kenneth Burke. Beacon Press. 327 pp. \$6.95.

William H. Rueckert

SOME YEARS ago a rumor escaped from Bennington that Kenneth Burke thought he was God. The rumor was current after *A Rhetoric of Motives* (1950) and during the period when Burke was publishing portions of the projected last two volumes of his tetralogy of motives in essay form, reissuing earlier works under the imprint of Hermes Publications, and making pronouncements in a strange sheet called the *Hermes Scroll*. In one of these, Burke said: "In any case, the *Hermes Scrolls* hope in time to wear you down, until you see just how tremendous are the implications of the fact that man is the typically word-using, or symbol-using animal. . . ." Everything written during the early fifties had in common this obsession with symbol-using and nearly all of it was delivered from a high place by a man still the victim of a colossal synthesizing vision. Since that time Burke has come down out of Heaven and expanded the vision into a coherent system built on the proposition that language is the ultimate reduction.

The present book ends with a felicitous and witty "Dialogue in Heaven" before the fall of Lucifer in which Burke — as TL. (The Lord), with S. (Satan) for straight man — burlesques his rumored delusion, while offering a "logological" explanation of man and the human drama. The book begins with a short piece on analogies between "Words and The Word" which introduces the general subject of all the essays. It is followed by two long, high-powered studies in "logology" and "logologic,"

one on "Verbal Action in St. Augustine's *Confessions*," and the other on "The First Three Chapters of Genesis." Logology (the study of words) and logologic (the logic inherent in language) are a division of, and finally inseparable from, "dramatism." This whole system is built on the premise that since man is the symbol-using animal, the essence of man and the drama of human relations may be discovered through a study of language and the uses to which man puts it.

ALL these matters are most clearly explained and thoroughly applied in "The First Three Chapters of Genesis," where Burke investigates the "cycle of terms implicit in the idea of 'order.'" This 100-page essay is a condensed version of nearly everything Burke has been trying to say since 1945, for in it he develops and applies logologic — a refinement of the logic he had worked out in *A Grammar of Motives* — in a way that allows him to present his own version of the drama of human relations as an extended illustration. In order to do this, Burke offers a logological ("naturalistic and empirical," he calls it) explanation of the Christian drama of creation, disobedience, fall, expulsion, expiation and redemption which, from a theological point of view, is an extended reversed analogy since he moves from "words" to "The Word"; or from the natural, verbal and socio-political to the supernatural as an analogical extension of the first three. Such an approach treats God as the "Idea of Order" and leads to a consideration of the first three chapters of Genesis and the whole Christian drama as a rhetorical wonder — a verbal construct of great formal beauty with extraordinarily persuasive moral power.

Burke's argument, here and elsewhere, is that this moral drama can be accounted for in terms of words rather than The Word because it is implicit in the nature of language and symbol-using.

Abstraction and the Negative are the twin essences of language, and the ability to manipulate them is the essence of symbol-using. With these verbal tools man builds his socio-political and supernatural hierarchies, imitating the grammar of ascent inherent in abstraction and embedding the Negative — various thou-shalt-nots — as a principle in all of them.

At this point, man begins trying to make himself over in the image of his distinctive trait, but is never able completely to transcend the limitations of his split (animal-verbal) essence and match the perfection of his abstract symbol-systems. Hence, the "fall" or "original sin" is inherent in symbol-using, and guilt is a central fact of man's existence. Catharsis (purgation and redemption) then becomes a permanent need which is dealt with by a great variety of constructive and destructive physical and verbal acts of mortification, victimage and sacrifice. Since, Burke says, language makes action (as opposed to motion) possible, every key moment in this drama is derived directly or indirectly from it; furthermore, the methodology consists primarily of timeless verbal principles, the main texts are symbolic acts, and the goal (the purification of war) is to be achieved with language. By making language the ultimate reduction, Burke has been able to create his own rhetorical wonder, symmetrical and, in its own way, persuasive.

It is not possible here to summarize Burke's own summary in such a way as to do justice to the subtlety, complexity and power of the essays in this book and the system and method which they develop and apply. One can, however, point out that Burke's approach (logology), the core of his method (logologic), the coherent system (dramatism), his view of human relations (as essentially a purgative-redemptive drama which arises because of and takes place in a perpetual verbal fog) and his attitude (humane, non-dogmatic and comic) represent the findings of a truly speculative man who has thought and written his way through the last forty-one years. The irony of Burke's own dream (that he could purify war) goaded him on till he built above the wreckage of his own century a verbal pyramid to rest in and be remembered by. One may disagree with some of the words, but it is difficult to find fault with a man for that kind of achievement, especially when so much of it is so useful to those who must live amongst the same ruins.

WILLIAM H. RUECKERT, who teaches English at the University of Illinois, has recently completed a study of Kenneth Burke.

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

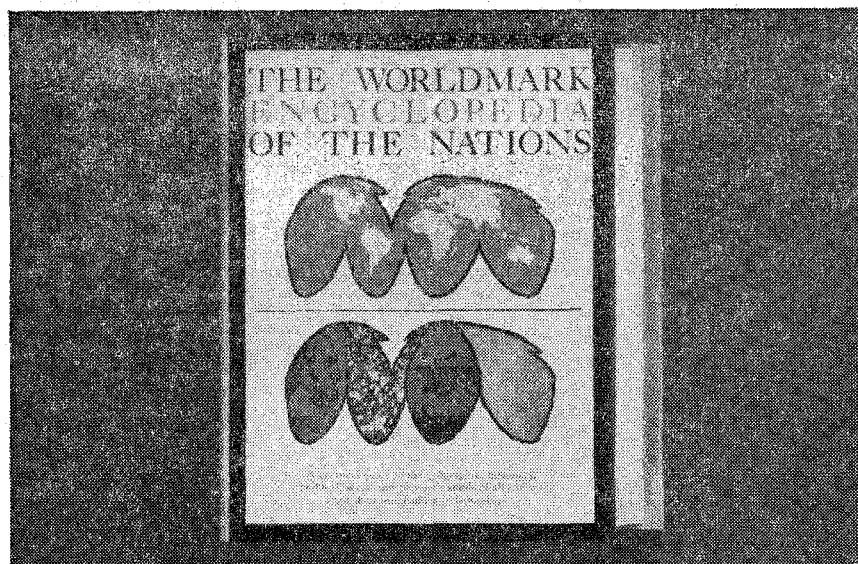
WHEN Elliott Carter wrote recently of the composer's need to find "new forms for the new materials" of twentieth-century music, he described the focus of the group of American composers who form today's true musical *avant-garde*. In Carter's own music the rethinking of fundamental processes of rhythmic and linear construction results in a new kind of musical continuity, built up from novel, complex textures that juxtapose highly differentiated ideas. Although Carter's music and thought are strongly influential, the group as a whole cannot be defined in terms of any one composer or one stylistic predilection. In fact, its principal identity is in the individuality with which each of its members approaches the basic problems of perception and expression.

That the new vanguard is largely American is perhaps a direct result of the wartime emigration from Europe of all the most important twentieth-century composers. Although Schönberg, Stravinsky, Bartók, Krenek, Milhaud and Hindemith were never "American" composers, they established, simply by living and working here, a standard against which mediocre music could no longer be excused by virtue of its "Americanism." American music has since had to measure itself alongside the most important music of its time.

By the same token, Europe's deprivation was extreme. Not only did the war break the continuity of its tradition, but the removal of the composers in whom the tradition was personified left an unfillable void. The present European *avant-garde* drifts rootlessly into desperate anti-traditional postures strangely reminiscent of much American music of the prewar period. Thus the so-called "post-Webern" Boulez-Stockhausen coterie does not represent the latest development of the twelve-tone ideas that originated with Schönberg and his Viennese circle. The real continuation is in the American twelve-tone school that centers around the compositions and theoretical formulations of Milton Babbitt.

THE significant departures from tradition taken by Carter, Babbitt and the rest of the *avant-garde* group, derive, in part, from the examples of strong American predecessors, particularly Roger Sessions. Sessions, along with Charles Ives and Aaron Copland, by

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insisting on individuality and independence, provided an "outside" point of view that armed the next generation against the dangers of submersion into simple imitation of the powerful European figures. Carter's remark points up the importance of this independence in maintaining the growth and vitality of the tradition that our composers have inherited.

The "new materials" he refers to, the fresh contemporary resources of rhythm, harmony and texture, were cast up in the evident collapse of classical assumptions early in the twentieth century. At the time of this initial "revolution," these resources emerged in a chaotic state to which the accepted modes of musical ordering seemed inapplicable. To many composers, then as now, the confusion invited a "freedom" that was, in effect, anarchic. But to the best creative minds, the necessity for order, the work to be done to give the new materials coherence, was the strongest motivation for composition. Schönberg insisted that he hated to be called a revolutionary, that he had "possessed from the first a thoroughly developed sense of form and a strong aversion to exaggeration. . . . There was never disorder . . . but on the contrary, there is an ascending to higher and better order." Stravinsky, too, felt that he had been "made a revolutionary in spite of" himself, and also maintained that limitations must be imposed on musical materials in order to avoid the "abyss of freedom."

The approach these composers took to the new materials was to subsume them into traditional, neo-classic frameworks. Thus Schönberg, though he had devised in the twelve-tone system the most powerful new mode of organization, structured his early twelve-tone works according to traditional symphonic or neo-Baroque procedures. It was only in his last years that he began to

explore, in works like the String Trio and the violin-piano Fantasy, methods of formal organization derived from the twelve-tone principles themselves. Similarly, Stravinsky effectively used a succession of historical styles as springboards for his prodigious originality.

Now that these efforts have themselves become tradition, new kinds of formulations result. Although the music being written today certainly shows fundamental changes in attitude toward such surface elements as texture and instrumentation, its contrast with the immediate past is not nearly as violent as were the sound-innovations of Stravinsky's *Rite* or Schönberg's Five Pieces for Orchestra. Such changes in sensibility are really only changes in emphasis; the rhythmic and harmonic issues raised by Wagnerism were probably not problematic to Wagner, but became crucial to every composer who succeeded him. Similarly, today's new music deals with the unresolved formal aspects of the music of the immediate past. The changes, though largely beneath the surface, are none the less real.

THE EXTENT of our *avant-garde* activity is evident in the number of interesting new works that were performed in New York this past month. Of these, the most significant was the String Quartet by Arthur Berger that was performed January 26 at the New School, under the auspices of the International Society for Contemporary Music. The personal kind of neo-classicism-cum-Webern of Berger's music of the forties has been replaced here by a free adoption of twelve-tone procedures. Because of the syntactical consistency of this twelve-tone style, there is an immediate aural association among all the materials of the different sections. Berger exploits these associations by evolving a fluid continuity in which

passages are interchanged and reintroduced with unusual freedom. The form itself is motivated by the dramatic idea of opposing active and passive elements, setting kinesis against stasis. The energetic opening chords and figurations become the active principles, the structural pillars, of the entire work. Following their exposition and working-out in the first movement, they struggle to return throughout the rest of the quartet, but are always dissolved into an increasingly pervasive quietude. Finally, a kind of immobility emerges from a texture made up of quiet, sustained arrangements of one of the structural chords.

At the very end, a last suggestion of motion is left suspended; thus the conclusion remains, in a sense, unstated. The quartet medium is handled brilliantly, and the piece abounds in striking timbral and contrapuntal inventions that call to mind, in substance rather than in manner, the two Carter quartets. The performance by the extraordinarily accomplished young Lenox Quartet left nothing to be desired.

Earlier in the same week, the enterprising and talented Aeolian Chamber Players introduced Ralph Shapey's *Discourse* for flute, clarinet, violin and piano on their Town Hall program. To anyone familiar with Shapey's rather untamed early music, the restraint and discipline of *Discourse*, which is "serial" without being twelve-tone, comes as a wonderful surprise. Listening to it is like looking at a large sculpture; the aural images, although one perceives them consecutively, are like details in a field of vision. At the conclusion, all the events of the piece seem to have been held stationary, as though in a kind of frozen balance. Each idea is so sharply profiled that it appears to have been carved from rock, and remains clearly distinct no matter how it is altered or combined.

The three movements examine the same materials from different points of view: in the first, the ideas are chronologically separated, but they alternate and develop through the instruments in an intensifying way that generates a rather imposing and grandiose rhetoric. The second, with its hypnotic, incessant repetitions at maximum volume of a simultaneous combination of motives of different lengths and shapes, ends just short of becoming unbearable. But the pain of the experience must have been generic to Shapey's conception; there is nothing atavistically primitive or indeterminate about its realization. In the last movement the flute, clarinet and

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violin slowly unfold a continuous texture that combines several of the earlier elements, while the piano softly interjects the echo of its first-movement triplets. This movement is the finest of the three, and marks an important further step into maturity for Shapey. It is good to see him getting more and more away from the direct influence of Varèse toward a refined personal style better suited to the full development of his considerable originality.

A NEW WORK by Stefan Wolpe, Piece in Two Parts for flute and piano, also appeared on the ISCM program. Wolpe has been one of the more adventurous composers of recent times, full of daring and difficult ideas that have occasionally produced a first-rate piece like his Sonata for violin and piano. But despite many original passages and striking instrumental inventions (especially the coordinated rapid-note passages for both flute and piano), the weakness of continuity and the fragmented diffuseness that mar other music of Wolpe's are evident in the new piece. Wolpe's style seems to be in a transitional state. He has had other such transitions—from jazz to Expressionistic chromaticism, for example—but now one discerns the faint outlines of the current European chic. In any event, the performance by Harvey Sollberger and David Tudor was quite brilliant and *à la mode*.

The Trio for violin, clarinet and piano by Donald Martino, performed on the same ISCM program, represents a consistent twelve-tone solution to the problems of order. It is a work of great sensitivity and delicacy, whose rigorous technique is subtly varied by the concentration of each of its seven brief sections on a different kind of structural relationship. Its beauty of line and sonority is extraordinary — Martino is still in his early thirties, but he is already mature in his handling of complex compositional materials. Unfortunately, technical difficulties eliminated all but the last of the inside-the-piano pizzicato effects that appear, from the score, to play an important role. Otherwise, the performance by Matthew Raimondi, violinist; Arthur Bloom, clarinetist; and Howard Lebow, pianist, was smooth, alert and faithful.

The resumption of the ISCM's concert activity on such a high level is in itself an index of the new vigor of our *avant-garde*. The very number of interesting and successful works produced via a path of most resistance is itself exciting and promising. And as long as concerts like these continue to represent

the best music being composed today, neither the public nor the press needs remain ignorant of the important musical developments that are taking place in their presence.

ARTHUR BERGER: Duo for cello and piano (1951); Quartet for winds (1941). Columbia ML-4846.

Polyphony for Orchestra (1956). Louisville 58-4.

RALPH SHAPEY: Evocation (1959). CRI 141.

STEFAN WOLPE: Sonata for violin and piano; Passacaglia; Percussion Quartet. Esoteric 530.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IT IS not too much to say that *A Passage to India* (Ambassador Theatre) is a play of good faith and honorable intentions. But due to the nature of E. M. Forster's novel, it can hardly succeed in being more.

Santha Rama Rau is a gifted writer whose feeling for India and understanding of Forster's fine novel about her native land are sensitive and keen. Her task as dramatist was rendered extremely difficult (not to say impossible) by the fact that the novel's chief virtue does not lie in its plot. What makes the book important is the feeling it gives of India itself—its atmosphere and life, not in the ethnic sense, but in its spiritual and philosophic aspects. Though the novel's story is the machine that motivates the work as a whole, what is crucial to its effect is an essential poetry—a poetry that conveys the meaning of India as an Idea, universally meaningful but still vitally different from Western—particularly English—modes of sentiment and thought.

The dramatist has been obliged to indicate some of this essence by semi-mystic speeches spoken by a sympathetic English lady and a Hindu philosopher who is one of the play's secondary characters. The speeches are suggestive in themselves, but so situated they sound oddly out of context, like ornamental and "literary" addenda.

What remains is a tale of an earnest English girl of spinster complexion who, in a moment of hysteria induced by the sensuous mystery of the environment, accuses a charming young Moslem doctor of attempting to rape her in a dark cave. This arouses the worst traits

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of the colonial temper, and only when the girl at the trial admits her accusation to have been due to a momentary aberration is the charge annulled. But great harm has been done because the doctor, for all his warm-hearted desire to be friendly to the English, will henceforth remain distrustful even of the most liberal among them.

The play resolves itself to a mild social drama aimed against race prejudice, the colonial attitude and general suspicion of people different from ourselves. The story dates from the twenties and India's position in the world has greatly altered since then; thus, its argument is now more relevant to other places and other peoples. As drama or as document the result, though dignified, is bound to be tame. India in this presentation remains remote and its significance apart from its former "servitude"—that is to say, its permanent significance as a culture and a way of life—fails to be embodied on the stage.

I SAW *A Passage to India* in London two years ago and while its cast then—apart from Zia Mohyeddin who played the doctor there as he does here—was not nearly so distinguished as the one here, the London production was somehow more convincing. This is strange because Eric Portman and Gladys Cooper are superior actors and Donald McWhinnie, the New York director (who directed *The Caretaker* superbly), is no mere journeyman. I must also emphasize that I have rarely been so impressed with Gladys Cooper's presence and bear-

ing—together with her beautiful speech—as I was in this play.

On opening night the actors—though they all played their roles well—seemed strangers to one another. Except for Zia Mohyeddin, who was arduously trying to fill the breach, they appeared to have no connection in a common experience. Why this should have been so, and to what the fault might be ascribed, was not easy to determine. (It may possibly have been remedied by this time.)

One thing was certain: Rouben Ter-Arutunian's sets were not at all helpful. In fact, they were distinctly disturbing, their departure from realism being of entirely the wrong sort. It is all very well, for the sake of economy and for swift movement of a multi-scened play, to simplify sets to the barest ("impressionistic") minimum. But a sense of reality, that is, of appropriateness to locale and artistic function, must be maintained. Realism is also a style, and treated with taste and feeling it is as valid a style as any other. Whether *A Passage to India* should be set realistically or in some other manner is surely debatable, but the sets in the present production destroy all illusion.

Worse still, the technical (mechanical) handling of the sets was miserable. There is nothing lovely in seeing cut-outs of mountain sides which are plainly being supported by a lot of wires suspended from the rafters—the same thick wires that are visible in other scenes of clubroom, courtroom and household pavilion. That is "realism" indeed—stagehand realism.

is not yet concluded. But already it has shed a glaring, offensive light on the absurdity of the whole situation.

Let me review the developments as presented in an article by Lino Micciché, "That Intolerable Fifth Commandment," in the December issue of *Il Ponte*, which is all dedicated to the problem of censorship in Italy.

Late in 1949 the French screen writers Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost delivered to Autant-Lara, famed director of "Le Diable au Corps," a script entitled "The Objector." It was based on true happenings. Just after the war two young men were tried before a military tribunal in Paris. One was a German priest named Müller, accused of having machine-gunned a *maquisard* during the German occupation; the other, a Frenchman, Jean Bernard Moreau, was accused of having refused to wear a uniform on grounds of conscience. The German was acquitted "because he was obeying superior orders," whereas Moreau was condemned to prison for disobedience to the military authorities. The sentence was for two years, but was to be renewed each time Moreau was released, re-drafted by the Army and re-condemned for his renewed refusal to serve. Thus he will spend the better part of his life in jail: until he is past the draft age, or until he forsakes his principles, which he evidently won't.

AUTANT-LARA delved into this situation with all his pacifist fervor, his great artistic ability and the collaboration of first-rate actors. When, after eight months of hard, uninterrupted, preparatory work, the actual shooting was to begin, the director was informed by his producer that there was no money, and that the production was off. What had really happened was that the French authorities had been informed of the project and strongly urged the producer to abandon it.

After years of frustration, Autant-Lara was able, finally, to complete his work in Yugoslavia and to enter it for competition at the Venice International Film Festival in 1961. Thereupon, what had been a silent battle became a clamorous uproar. The French Minister of Culture informed the Venice judges that, if Autant-Lara's work was entered for competition, the French Government would withdraw all its other films.

After some discussion, a compromise was reached. *Thou Shalt Not Kill* was entered, not as a French, but as a Yugoslav production. Also, it was awarded, not the first prize, for which, according to all, it qualified, but a minor one. After

LETTER from FLORENCE

Elisabeth Mann Borgese

THE LAWS on motion picture and theatre censorship in Italy are in a state of utter confusion. The statute still in effect dates from the beginning of the Fascist era (1923), and is in flagrant contradiction to the provisions of the new Constitution (1948) which, while neither forbidding nor authorizing the institution of preventive censorship, explicitly limits its function, in any case, to the tutelage of "public decency" (*buon costume*) and prohibits it on any other ground, including political, ideological or religious grounds.

ELISABETH MANN BORGESE is the author most recently of a collection of short stories, *To Whom It May Concern* (George Braziller).

Nine times, since 1948, the Italian parliament and its special commissions have debated the urgency of abrogating the old Fascist censorship law and of substituting one in accordance with the new Constitution. Nine times they have failed to reach a conclusion and, in the absence of a new law, the Fascist law and administrative chaos continue to reign.

While the Italian parliament was debating the issue for the ninth time last fall and winter, a scandalous case came up: the arrival in Italy of the French-Yugoslav film *Thou Shalt Not Kill*, its suppression by the censorship and the uproar this suppression caused in the intellectual, political and religious spheres of the country. At this writing, the story

Perspective He Would Mutter Going to Bed

(for Robert Duncan)

"Perspective," he would mutter, going to bed.

"Oh che dolce cosa è questa

Prospettiva." Uccello. Bird.

And I am as greedy of her, that the black
Horse of the literal world might come
Directly on me. Perspective. A place

To stand. To receive. A place to go
Into from. The earth by language.

Who can imagine antelope silent
Under the night rain, the Gulf
At Biloxi at night else? I remember

In Mexico a man and a boy painting
An adobe house magenta and crimson
Who thought they were painting it red. Or pretty.

So neither saw the bare mountains
Move to manage that great house.

The horse wades in the city of grammar.

Jack Gilbert

the festival the producer—like the producers of the other films shown at the Venice Festival—applied to the Italian censorship authorities for a *nihil obstat* to the public showing of the film in Italy. The decision was handed down on November 9. It read:

The Committee of Censors, having examined the film in question, has come to the conclusion that, in spite of the unquestionable high artistic level of the work, it cannot, in its present form, be released to the public. The Committee notes, in fact, that the film constitutes an exaltation of the conscientious objector, of the citizen, that is, who, when called to the arms, refuses obedience to the law in the name of an alleged categorical imperative of his own conscience. The film thus represents an indirect form of instigation to crime, insofar as it exalts actions considered criminal by the law, in such a way as to suggest to others to commit them. According to the Law of October 24, 1923 [the Fascist law] this constitutes apology of an action which the law considers felonious.

So formidable was the pressure coming from the Defense Department, the rightist-neo-Fascist press, and a part—only a part—of the Catholic press and hierarchy; so profound was the perturbation of the censors that—unprecedented in post-Fascist Italy! — even private showings, planned by the European Association of Writers in Rome and by the municipal authorities in Milan, were prohibited and barred by the police. The only one who, inexplicably, got

away with a private showing was Florence's Catholic-Socialist Mayor Lapira, who invited an audience of some 700 critics, writers (among whom this one), political and social leaders to see the film and form a personal opinion.

The Florence presentation of *Thou Shalt Not Kill* had a curious prelude. Besides inviting his Florentines to the private showing, Mayor Lapira sent a personal invitation to each of the ministers of the government in Rome. Needless to say, none of them accepted the invitation. The Hon. Andreotti, right-wing Demo-Christian Minister of Defense, answered with the following telegram:

Your invitation causes within me bitterness and stupor. Personally I do not know the film in question, nor do I want to know it, inasmuch as it has been forbidden by competent organs of the State, and competent organs of the Church have advised against seeing it. I do not know where we are going to end up if we put ourselves above the law and common morality.

To which Lapira answered with another telegram:

My invitation was extended, with duteous courtesy, to all Ministers. What is in question here is a private showing, upon personal invitations to the authorities, to lawyers, jurists, and artists. Accordingly, no law has been violated. The considered judgment of Catholic theologians and illustrious Catholic moralists, in Italy and abroad, guarantees the seriousness of the film. Hence, no moral law

has been violated. I am therefore unable to understand the reason for your astonishment, your stupor, and your judgment. I am hopeful that your bitterness may, after due consideration, change into serenity and joy.

The private showing also had a curious aftermath. A "private citizen" sued Mayor Lapira for violation of the law by trying to pass for a "private showing" a performance which by the very number of spectators (the Italian law does not specify the number of spectators admitted to a "private showing")

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155

and by its whole character was to be classified as a public event. The trial has been started, but not yet concluded. No one knows what complications the Mayor's courageous initiative may yet produce for the administration and the political situation of the City of Florence.

THIS is not the place to discuss the difficulties *Thou Shalt Not Kill* has incurred in France and from France—a country finding itself in a tragic situation, with emergency powers conferred

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on the government and many of the civil liberties curtailed or suspended. But that a film of this sort could be suppressed, in full peace time, in a country whose democratic Constitution guarantees freedom of opinion and expression, is simply amazing.

If the film contained a message of hatred and rebellion! But there is no such message. The young German priest, and his superiors, are presented with as much humanity as is the conscientious objector — as are, for that matter, the French military authorities. There is no black-and-white conception: all the good and right on one side, all the wrong and evil, on the other. The moral suffering of the young German, who has resolved to follow orders and shoot his victim is very real: almost exaggerated; exasperating, the scene in which he takes his victim's last message for his family, and prays with him before pulling the trigger. This moral trouble is as real as that of the conscientious objector (played, with wonderful simplicity and candor, by Terzieff) who has resolved not to follow orders, and finds himself assailed, in the military hospital, where he has been sent for psychiatric observation, by the contempt of wounded French soldiers who have risked their lives and limbs in the fight against Nazism. Unforgettable, the meeting between the two young men in prison, where they both are awaiting trial: the distrust, the antipathy that develops between them, not on the basis of national hatred, but because of conflicting moral principles.

It is true that the Catholic Church does not, in this film, cut the figure of an infallible institution. But is it not generally known that in Germany—and not in Germany alone—priests have counseled submission to the superior orders of State and Army, teaching that one could indeed be a good priest and a good soldier too; that, on the other hand, priests, especially French worker-priests (such as the one who, in this film, assumes the defense of the conscientious objector), have preached a message of absolute pacifism, backing their conviction with an ample supply of quotations from sacred texts and authoritative statements by the hierarchy? To have pointed up this conflict could not possibly be considered a valid reason for the suppression of a work of art! The conscientious objector, for that matter, rejects the assistance of his worker-priest defense counsel. Making a neat distinction between religion and moral conscience, he lets himself be guided by the latter alone.

This is the level of discussion of the film.

From the artistic point of view, one should remember the fine, discreet humor of the scene in which the French sergeant in charge of distributing uniforms to the draftees, is faced with the conscientious objector's refusal. What's wrong with the uniform, the sergeant wonders. He sniffs at it. It does not stink, it's perfectly all right. Yet, good-natured as he is, he stacks it away and pulls out another. But the draftee refuses the second one as well. The poor sergeant goes almost out of his mind.

Excellent, the birthday party of an aging Nazi general in this prison where he, too, is awaiting trial for atrocities committed during the war. His faithful co-prisoners have somehow contrived a little bouquet of flowers; and the mixture of military Nazi rigor and drippy sentimentality pervading the scene is rendered masterfully.

Memorable, the changing expressions on the face of the objector's mother (Suzanne Flon), during her visits to the prison, her attendance at the trial: a mien switching from fear to hope, from affliction to motherly pride in a son's true heroism.

The Brecht-style songs on the futility of war, which are interspersed here and there throughout the film, produced the spontaneous applause of the audience; which was not an audience of leftists and pacifists, but a non-political group of artists and professional men — the *crème* of Florence's intelligentsia.

REMEMBERING that afternoon, Mayor Lapira's brief, earnest presentation; remembering the quality of the film, the reaction of the people, one cannot but wonder: How was its suppression possible? What should be done about it?

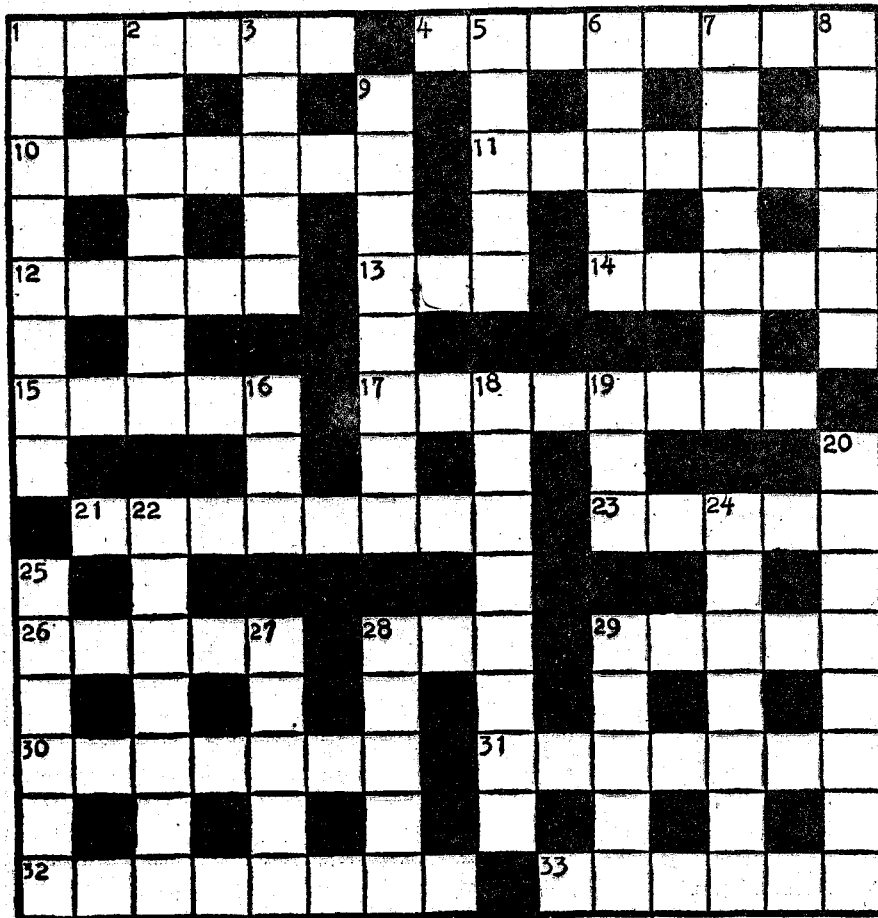
"In any country, censorship is the exact measure of the amount of liberty that has managed to penetrate into the hearts of men and the customs of a society," writes Pietro Germi, one of Italy's outstanding directors and producers, in the above-mentioned special issue of *Il Ponte*.

"Take the case of the Soviet Union," he continues, "of whose censorship system (and hence, of whose freedom) we can make ourselves a precise idea by looking at the results, that is, at the films that reach us from there.

"In our country, thank goodness, there is still the possibility to resist. And this is what we must do: to put up an obstinate resistance, day by day. This in itself has its educative value."

Crossword Puzzle No. 950

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

- 1 Evidently the wrong friend married, being rather dependent. (6)
- 4 As they say, when a couple goes here, something might develop. (4, 4)
- 10 Understand what a locked box might have? (5, 2)
- 11 An American artist who should keep the home fires burning? (7)
- 12 The sort of accommodations for a slave? (5)
- 14 Make a furtive movement for a pint of beer, by the sound of it.
- 15 China's type has an unpleasant word for you. (5)
- 17 With a certain know-how about an irrational amount, one obtains the answer in a rather illogical way.
- 21 No man finishes up less than nice, when you return it and bark. (8)
- 23 and 33 The going rate for profundity, familiarly related to the ash can? (5, 6)
- 28 and 16 down It's common to fire there, in the valley. (6)
- 29 They kept the noiseless one in the Elegy, through one might be noisy.
- 30 The variety of cactus I consider burning at times. (7)
- 31 Land camera, I imagine. (7)
- 32 Maybe the real thing has it, but it seems a trifle tenuous. (8)

DOWN:

- 1 Ornament on part of the arm, or aboard ship? (4, 4)

- 2 They make fences of what might be equivalent to a bird's 1 across.
- 3 and 9 One of 8 down in the cannon—supposed to be a starting mechanism. (1, 4, 2, 3, 3)
- 5 It should get around in part of the morning. (5)
- 6 Familiar Scottish surroundings. (5)
- 7 Resembling something Swift's people argued over. (7)
- 8 and 13 Not exactly bodies angry with game on the table. (5, 4)
- 18 Snow, lain about in relative disorder. (3-2-3)
- 19 and 26 Looked at proof, perhaps, as the Communist did? (8)
- 20 Certainly not a long time for something to be missing. (8)
- 22 Where one shouldn't look for tackle to be a close relation. (2, 5)
- 24 Basket that sounds more like a cooking vessel. (7)
- 25 In Paris, it certainly isn't right to be tactless. (6)
- 27 This gent might make a good window cleaner. (5)
- 28 A merger of two small businesses with a beverage product. (5)
- 29 Equivalent to an ailing Dr. Cogswell? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 949

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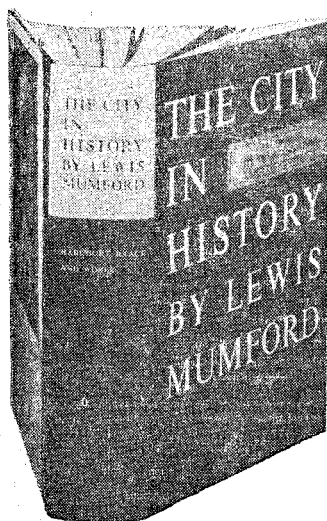
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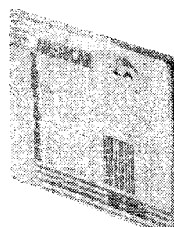
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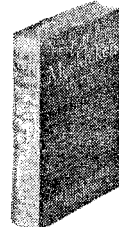
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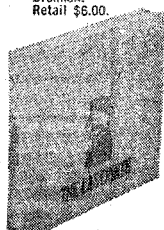
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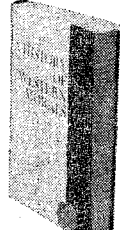
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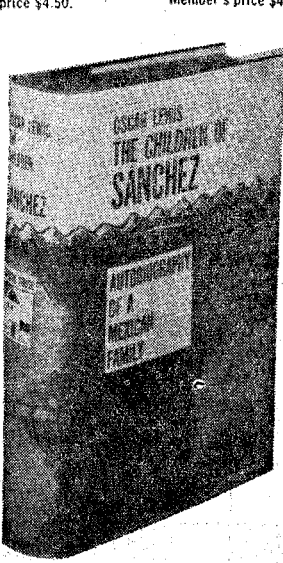
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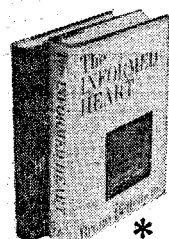
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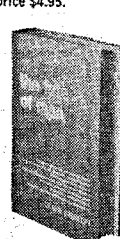
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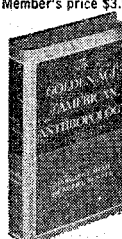
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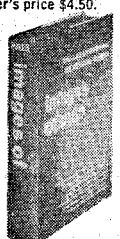
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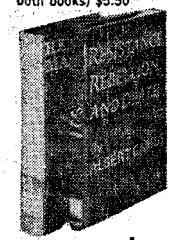
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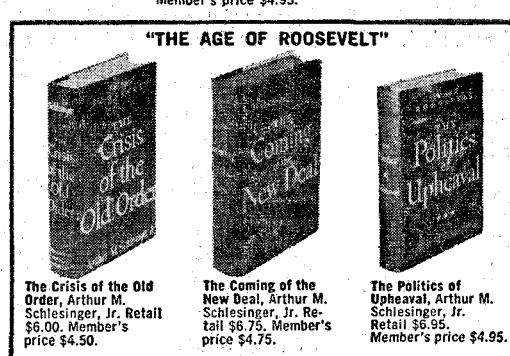
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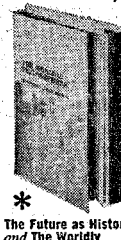
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